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THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

OF

JOHN, KING OF ENGLAND.

THE FIRST QUARTO,

1591,

WHICH SHAKSPERE REWROTE (ABOUT 1595) AS HIS
"LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN."

PART I.

A FACSIMILE, BY PHOTOLITHOGRAPHY, FROM THE UNIQUE ORIGINAL IN THE CAPELL COLLECTION AT TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS.

WITH FOREWORDS BY F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., PH.D., AND A REPRINT OF MR. EDWARD ROSE'S PAPER OF 1877-8 ON 'SHAKSPERE AS AN ADAPTER.'

LONDON:
PRODUCED BY C. PRAETORIUS, 14 CLAREVILLE GROVE,
HEREFORD SQUARE, S.W.
1888.

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Dedicated

TO

MY FRIEND AND HELPER,

FREDERICK S. ELLIS.

F. J. F.

---

43 SHAKSPERE QUARTO FACSIMILES,

WITH INTRODUCTIONS, LINE-NUMBERS, &C., BY SHAKSPERE SCHOLARS,

ISSUED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF DR. F. J. FURNIVALL.

1. *Those by W. Griggs.*

No.

1. Hamlet. 1603. Q_1.
2. Hamlet. 1604. Q_2.
3. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Fisher.)
4. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Roberts.)
5. Loves Labor's Lost. 1598. Q_1.
6. Merry Wives. 1602. Q_1.
7. Merchant of Venice. 1600. Q_1. (Roberts.)
8. Henry IV. 1st Part. 1598. Q_1.
9. Henry IV. 2nd Part. 1600. Q_1.
10. Passionate Pilgrim. 1599. Q_1.
11. Richard III. 1597. Q_1.
12. Venus and Adonis. 1593. Q_1.
13. Troilus and Cressida. 1609. Q_1.
17. Richard II. 1597. Q_1. Duke of Devonshire's copy. (*text printed.*)

2. *Those by C. Praetorius.*

14. Much Ado About Nothing. 1600. Q_1.
15. Taming of a Shrew. 1594. Q_1.
16. Merchant of Venice. 1600. Q_2. (Heyes.)
18. Richard II. 1597. Q_1. Mr. Huth's copy.
19. Richard II. 1608. Q_3.
20. Richard II. 1634. Q_5.
21. Pericles. 1609. Q_1.
22. Pericles. 1609. Q_2.
23. The Whole Contention. 1619. Q_3. Part I. (for 2 Henry VI.).
24. The Whole Contention. 1619. Q_3. Part II. (for 3 Henry VI.).
25. Romeo and Juliet. 1597. Q_1.
26. Romeo and Juliet. 1599. Q_2.
27. Henry V. 1600. Q_1.
28. Henry V. 1608. Q_2.
29. Titus Andronicus. 1600. Q_1.
30. Sonnets and Lover's Complaint. 1609. Q_1.
31. Othello. 1622. Q_1.
32. Othello. 1630. Q_2.
33. King Lear. 1608. Q_1. (N. Butter, *Pide Bull.*)
34. King Lear. 1608. Q_2. (N. Butter.)
35. Rape of Lucrece. 1594. Q_1.
36. Romeo and Juliet. Undated.
37. Contention. 1594. (For 2 Henry VI.)
38. True Tragedy. 1595. (For 3 Henry VI.)
39. The Famous Victories of Henry V. 1598. Q_1.
40. The Troublesome Raigne of King John. Part I. 1591. Q_1.
41. The Troublesome Raigne of King John. Part II. 1591. Q_1.
42. Richard III. 1602. Q_3.
43. Richard III. 1622. Q_6. (*on stone.*)

[*Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles, No.* 40.]

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FOREWORDS

TO THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE OF KING JOHN, PT. I.

§ 1. Editions and reprints, p. iii.
§ 2. Shortcomings of *King John*, p. iv.
§ 3. Mr. Edward Rose on 'Shakespeare as an Adapter,' p. v.
§ 4. Thanks to helpers, p. xvii.

§ 1. THE present Facsimile of this Play is the first since the original edition of it in 1591. The old reprints of the Play were made by George Steevens[1] and Nichols[2] from the second Quarto of 1611[3]; so was Mr. Hazlitt's; and Mr. Fleay's modernisation of the drama in his edition of *King John* for Collins's Series of School and College Classics, 1878, 1*s.* 6*d.*, seems to be from the same late version. Till now, few of us ordinary Shakspere students have verified the statement of Cataloguers that the original print of the Play was in two volumes, with different title-pages; for, as separate volumes of *The*

[1] 'Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare, Being the whole Number printed in Quarto During his Life-time, or before the Restoration' . . . London, for Tonson, Payne, and Richardson, 1760, vol. ii, sig. N 6 to T 8. Steevens gives the Second-Part's 15 lines 'To the Gentlemen Readers' before that Part. Nichols leaves them out. Steevens's Foreword is "The Author seems to have been so thoroughly dissatisfied with this Play as to have written it almost entirely anew, reserving only a few of the Lines and the conduct of several Scenes. It is said to have been originally published in 1591 for *Sampson Clarke*. The Edition publish'd in 1622 [sigs. A to M 2 in fours] is no more than a Copy from this [Q2, 1611], for there is none more ancient than that in the Folio 1623, of the Play as it was afterwards alter'd by *Shakespeare*. Mr. *Pope*, in one of his Notes, affirms the old Play to have been written by *Shakespeare* and *Rowley*; but I find no mention of the Name of the latter before either of the Editions."

[2] Six / Old Plays, / on which / Shakspeare / founded his / Measure for Measure. / Comedy of Errors. / Taming the Shrew. / King John. / K. Henry IV. and K. Henry V. / King Lear. / In Two Volumes. London, / Printed for S. Learoft, Charing-Cross: / And sold by J. Nichols, Red-Lion Passage, Fleet-street; / T. Evans in the Strand; and H. Payne, Pall Mall. / MDCCLXXIX. /. The 2 vols. are paged continuously. *The Troublesome Raigne* is in vol. ii; Part I, p. 217—275; Part II, p. 277—316, with the half-title. 'The / Second Part / of the / Troublesome Raigne of / King John. / Containing / The Entrance of Lewis the French Kings Sonne: / with the / Poysoning of King John by a Monke. /' sig. S. 3. The 11 lines of the 'Adresse to the Gentlemen Readers' are left out.

[3] The first and Second Part / of the / Troublesome Raigne of / John King of England. / with the Discouerie of King Richard *Cordelions* base Sonne / Vulgarly named, the Bastard. *Fawconbridge*; / Also, / The Death of King *John* at *Swinstead Abbey*. / As they were (sundry times) lately acted / by the Queenes Maiesties Players. / *Written by* W. Sh. / Imprinted at *London* by *Valentine Simmes*, for *John* / *Helme*, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint / *Dunstans* Church-yard in *Fleetestreet*. 1611. / Qto. sigs. A to M 2 in fours; M 2, blank.

Contention, 1594, and *True Tragedy*, 1595, were put into one volume in *The Whole Contention*, 1619, so in *The Troublesome Raigne* of 1611 the two distinct Parts of 1591 were turned into one volume; and it is this volume which has been reprinted. The present Facsimile is from the unique copy in the Capell Collection at Trinity College, Cambridge. Of the second edition of 1611, Mr. Hazlitt reports copies in the British Museum, Bodleian, Capell Collection, and the Duke of Devonshire's library: *Handbook*, 302/1. The "Written by W. Sh." of this second edition, and by W. Shakespeare" of the third,[1] point to the popularity of the great dramatist's name, and the extra sale that its presence on a title-page would then ensure.

§ 2. Inasmuch as the main interest to Shakspereans, of this *Troublesome Raigne*, is, the use Shakspere made of it, how he transformd it into his *King John*, I have got leave from a practical playwright, Mr. Edward Rose, to reprint here the able and interesting Paper on the point which he read to us at the New Shakspere Society on Friday, Nov. 9, 1877. Rightly wishing for a wider audience for his Paper than our Society's *Transactions* could secure, Mr. Rose printed it in *Macmillan's Magazine* for Nov. 1878, p. 69—77; and the publishers of it have also kindly consented to the present reprint. I hope the readers of it will pay at least as much attention to Mr. Rose's statement of the shortcomings of Shakspere's *King John* as a drama, as they give to the praise of the play as an adaptation. It is sheer folly to hold Shakspere's work perfect. And when, as in this case, he degrades his first hero John into a skunk,[2] also brings in a second hero, Arthur, and kills him, moreover developes Falconbridge into a third hero, and lastly makes a monk poison John without showing any motive for the act—the *Troublesome Raigne* does show one,—every reasonable being must acknowledge that the playwright fails in these points. Constance, Arthur, Falconbridge, are the characters we care for in Shakspere's drama, not King John. The play is early Second-Period work, and—however dear to us, his admirers—must be reckond as a bit of Shakspere's 'dead self' on which he stept to higher things.

[1] The first and Second Part of the troublesome Raigne of Iohn King of England. Written by W. Shakespeare. London, printed by Aug. Matthewes for Thomas Dewe, 1622. 4to. A. to M.2, in fours. Br. Museum, Capell Coll., Duke of Devonshire, &c.—Hazlitt.

[2] That Shakspere followd History, is no excuse. A man who wants to write a good Play must alter History as the rule of Drama bids him. Shelley ought not to have followd the Cenci story, in weakening Beatrice's character after the murder, as he did.

§ 3. SHAKESPEARE AS AN ADAPTER,

By EDWARD ROSE.

[From *Macmillan's Magazine*, Nov. 1878, p. 69—77.]

People have tried, at one time or another, to show that Shakespeare must have belonged to almost every conceivable trade and profession—he had so wonderful a technical knowledge, we are told of lawyering, doctoring, soldiering, even grave-digging. There is but one thing which, to the best of my knowledge, has never been attempted: which is, to prove that he was a really good stage-manager, that he had a thorough knowledge of what may be called the business part of his art.[1]

For, as a matter of fact, very few purely literary critics see how all-important such skill is to every dramatist—what it has done, above all, for Shakespeare. The principles and details of the construction of plays for the stage, their division into acts and scenes, and the minor rules which regulate such matters as entrances, exits, and so forth, may seem but small things compared with the power which creates living characters, the genius which produces the highest poetry; yet those lesser qualities were in very truth indispensable to his universal fame. Shakespeare would never have been read as widely, nor studied as closely, as he now is by every class, had he not been acted always and everywhere. There is not an evening in the year during which at some provincial theatre in England some play of Shakespeare's is not being acted; "on an emergency," country managers will tell you, "we always put up *Hamlet*." No other dramatist ever kept the stage for three hundred years; no other dramatist ever bore translation into every tongue; no other ever so pleased every class of audience, from the roughs of California to the most cultivated gatherings of artists, poets, critics. It cannot be his poetry, his philosophy, his drawing of character, which have thus supremely fitted him for the stage; they could hardly *tell* so through bad acting and bad translation. It is the way in which he makes the framework of his plots, in which he presents his story and his characters, that gives force to his strong "situations," and secures their effect, under however unfavourable circumstances.

And this art of effective presentation is absolutely necessary to make a tragedy or comedy a true work of art. Without it, a play cannot thoroughly interest an audience—can be only a "play for the closet," not a genuine acting drama; and plays for the closet

[1] See Henry Irving's poor Paper on *Shakspere as a Playwright*, in Part I of the 'Henry Irving Shakespeare,' edited by Mr. Frank Marshall, &c., 1888.—F.

are surely contradictions in terms; hybrids, not works of pure art. It is often said that a play ought to bear reading; how much more, then, ought it to bear acting! This is where Browning, Shelley,[1] many other poets fail; to succeed, a man must be a practical dramatist—and thus, a man must be a practical dramatist to be a true dramatic poet.

How completely Shakespeare was this, has never, I think, been sufficiently shown; and it is an omission in criticism which can hardly be supplied in half-a-dozen pages. Yet I hope that even the slightest of essays on such a subject will not be unwelcome, if it help to prove how careful, and ingenious, and skilful a playwright the great poet was.

For, if it is believed that he won his triumphs by a sort of direct inspiration—that his method of work was in no way like that of ordinary mortals—he can only gain a blank unreasoning admiration; a valueless wonder, indeed, instead of the hearty reverence and appreciation which he deserves. If, on the other hand, we believe that even he was not above the great human necessity of taking pains: if we examine him with the candid care we should give a modern man, and thoroughly test his knowledge of the stage: not only shall we appreciate many of the qualities to which in very truth he owes his lasting fame, but we shall also learn how, according to the highest authority the world has seen, plays ought to be constructed, how dramatic effects should be made, and in what way great situations should be led up to and "placed."

It is well known among dramatists that there is no more difficult task, none in which experience and stage tact are more required, than the adaptation to the actual theatre of a rough, straggling and ill-constructed play: the condensation of its never-ending purposeless talk, its crowded characters and unconnected incidents. If such a play contain a good scene, it is very likely put at the beginning, when the audience are not properly settled down to enjoy it; if a situation of strong human interest, very likely the previous explanations necessary to make people really understand and feel it are not given clearly or fully, or it is spoilt by being prolonged beyond the period during which intense excitement can be kept up. The knowledge of stage-mechanism in all its details required to fit such a play for the stage, is every whit as important as the creative genius which must breathe into its rough sketches of character the breath of poetry and life.

One such play, which Shakespeare adapted and re-wrote, has fortunately been preserved; and the differences between this rude original and his finished work are most interesting. It is the

[1] We have shown that Shelley's *Cenci* (with Alma Murray as Beatrice, and Hermann Vezin as Count Cenci) will act, and that Browning's *In a Balcony* (Alma Murray as Constance), *Colombe's Birthday* (Alma Murray as Colombe), and *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* (Alma Murray as Mildred), will act too.—F. J. F.

"history" of *King John*, a chronicle-play perhaps suggested by, though not founded upon, the still older *King Johan* of John Bale, Bishop of Ossory. Who was its author no one, I believe, knows—Pope, in his edition of Shakespeare, suggests Rowley, without, it would appear, any grounds whatever for doing so. If we take for consideration this anonymous play, and compare it with Shakespeare's, we shall find how perfectly he understood his art; and we may learn by his example not only what dramatic material to choose, and how to shape it, but—which is by no means so usual with our poet—what to avoid; for *King John*, as it now stands, though it is in many ways a model of construction, and contains at least two of his finest characters and some of his noblest poetry, can hardly be called a successful stage-play.

The old "chronicle" of the *Troublesome Raigne of King John* is clearly the work of a man of considerable, though uncultivated, power; and it is some proof of the estimation in which it was held that three editions of it were published, in 1591, 1611, and 1622. On the title-page of the third, the publisher had the impudence to place the name of Shakespeare, but that it was not by him must, I think, be evident to any man who has ever written a play or a poem. He has recast it more completely than any one ever could—or would, with a first sketch often so powerful—recast his own work. Although each scene of Shakespeare follows a scene of the original, he has not throughout the whole play copied one line nearly word for word—at least, I have not remarked one, except a list of "Volquesson, Touraine, Maine, Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces;" and this though he constantly found speeches as good as this:—

> . . . I am interdicted by the Pope,
> All churches cursed, their doors are sealèd up,
> And for the pleasure of the Romish priest
> The service of the Highest is neglected.
> The multitude (*a beast of many heads*)
> Do wish confusion to their sovereign.
> The nobles, blinded with ambition's fumes,
> Assemble powers to beat mine empire down,
> And, more than this, elect a foreign king.
> O England, wert thou ever miserable?
> King John of England sees thee miserable.
> John, 'tis thy sins that makes it miserable!
> *Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*
>
> (Part II. sc. ii. l. 120—132, p. 12, below.)

So entirely, indeed, had the dialogue been rewritten, that one can hardly imagine Shakespeare to have known the original play except by seeing it acted, and perhaps quickly reading it through. How immensely he improved on even the best speeches of his predecessor may be seen from the quotations I shall make; while that predecessor's worst was mere schoolboy doggerel. Nor is his refined and polished versification a greater improvement than the clearness

and depth of thought in his lines, which show not merely what men said and did, but the reason and the appropriateness of those deeds and speeches.

The chief faults of the old play are these: It has no hero—there is not enough to bind the scenes together, and make an interesting whole of them. It is throughout filled with an anti-Romish spirit, violent and vulgar, and entirely out of place in a work of art, though no doubt adding much to the play's temporary popularity. The characters are mere rough outlines, wanting in fulness and consistency; and there is no one in the play, except here and there Falconbridge, in whom you can take much interest. The dialogue is rather dull, and lacking in variety and finish; and, finally, the play is much too long—its Second Part especially—and wants neatness and clearness of construction.

It is characteristic of Shakespeare that, in remedying these faults, he does not for a moment depart from the lines the original author has laid down. He does not go to history for fresh facts to strengthen his plot—he absolutely adds no word of allusion to the Great Charter, which might, one would think, have been worked up into a grand scene. Indeed, the only alteration of fact that he makes, is a perversion of history; Arthur was not a mere child, but a young man, as, if we may judge by his conversation with Hubert, the original makes him.

The old play is divided into two Parts, each of which is about the length of, and may have been split up into, five short acts. Although he has greatly extended almost every important scene, and has doubled the length of two leading characters, Shakespeare has compressed these ten acts into five of reasonable length; arranged, with a curious instinct which seems prophetic, in almost exact accordance with modern scenic requirements; except as regards the last act. Acts I. and II. have but one scene apiece; Acts III. and IV. each three, of which the middle ones may well be flat or "carpenter's" scenes; and even in the fifth act the scenery is not very difficult.[1]

It is a very noticeable difference between the two plays, that while in the elder we find no systematic division (except that into two rather unequal halves), in the later, Shakespeare—who I believe always paid great attention to the construction of his acts—has made the inter-acts divide the story into five complete and symmetrical parts. Act I. gives us the French king's challenge and its acceptance by John, with the story of the bastard Philip and his brother. Act II. shows the commencement of hostilities, and the mutual attack upon Angiers; then the arrangement come to between the kings—the peace made on the marriage between Lewis and Blanch. In Act III. the influence of Rome breaks off this peace; there is

[1] Modern editors somewhat unnecessarily divide the third act into four scenes.

a battle in which the French are defeated, and Constance mourns the loss of her son. Act IV. brings us back to England, and gives us the remainder of Arthur's story, and the revolt of the barons at his death. Act V. shows the advance of the French in England, with their allies the rebellious lords; the murder of the king; and the final mishap to the Dauphin's army, which causes him to offer terms of peace.

In reconstructing the play, the great want which struck Shakespeare seems to have been that of a strong central figure. He was attracted by the rough, powerful nature which he could see the Bastard's must have been; almost like a modern dramatist "writing up" a part for a star actor, he introduced Falconbridge wherever it was possible, gave him the end of every act (except the third), and created, from a rude and inconsistent sketch, a character as strong, as complete, and as original as even he ever drew. Throughout a series of scenes, not otherwise very closely connected, this wonderfully real type of faulty, combative, not ignoble manhood is developed, a support and addition to the scenes in which he has least to say, a great power where he is prominent.

This is the most striking example of his development of a character; but his treatment of Constance, Arthur, Hubert, Pandulph, and of some portions of the character of John himself, is very noticeable. The entire wonderful scene in which Constance laments the loss of her child is founded upon the seven lines:—

> My tongue is tuned to story forth mishap:
> When did I breathe to tell a pleasing tale?
> Must Constance speak? Let tears prevent her talk.
> Must I discourse? Let Dido sigh, and say
> She weeps again to hear the wrack of Troy:
> Two words will serve, and then my tale is done—
> Elinor's proud brat hath robbed me of my son!
>
> (Pt. I. sc. x. l. 24—30, p. 39.)

The somewhat sinister wisdom of Pandulph is carefully and at length elaborated; and one of several indistinguishable barons (Salisbury) has been made chief spokesman of the revolt caused by the murder of Arthur. Hubert now stands out with a rough manhood which is very sympathetic; and many subtle touches are added to the King's character—of which more hereafter.

And now let us see what were the principal alterations, "cuts," and extensions which the adapter of this old play made, and why he made them—going straight through the piece, and studying each scene in which noticeable improvement has been effected by these means. I may here remark that he only omits four entire scenes, and introduces none, except the dialogue between Falconbridge and Hubert which concludes Act IV.

The plays both begin with the same incident—the K
France claiming the English crown for Arthur; but, while t

author opens with twenty lines about the death of Richard and the succession of John, Shakespeare dashes at once into the heart of his subject:—

> *John.* Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?
> *Chatillon.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France
> In my behaviour to the majesty,
> The *borrowed* majesty, of England here.

And throughout the play there is the same exchange of tediousness for spirit and brilliancy; very markedly in the succeeding discussion as to the legitimacy of Falconbridge, during which discussion Shakespeare, writing for an audience he was himself making tender and refined, does not bring the mother upon the stage, as did the elder dramatist. There is, in the midst of the said discussion in the original play, a long "aside" of the Bastard's, which is most interesting. Shakespeare omits it altogether, partly no doubt because it *is* a long "aside"; but how it influenced his conception of the character, and how he yet altered that character, are evident. I quote the soliloquy entire (Part I. sc. i. lines 238—268, p. 42, below)—

> *Essex.* Philip, speak, I say: who was thy Father?
> *John.* Young man, how now! What, art thou in a trance?
> *Elianor.* Philip, awake! The man is in a dream.
> *Philip.*[1] *Philippus atavis edite regibus.*
> What sayst thou, 'Philip, sprung of ancient kings?'
> *Quo me rapit tempestas?*
> 'What wind of honour blows this fury forth?'
> Or whence proceed these fumes of majesty?
> Methinks I hear a hollow echo sound,
> That Philip is the son unto a king:
> The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees,
> Whistle in consort I am Richard's son:
> The bubbling murmur of the water's fall
> Records *Philippus Regis Filius:*
> Birds in their flight make music with their wings,
> Filling the air with glory of my birth:
> Birds, bubbles, leaves, and mountains' echo, all
> Ring in mine ears, that I am Richard's son.
> Fond man! ah, whither art thou carried?
> How are thy thoughts ywrapt in honour's heaven?
> Forgetful what thou art, and whence thou camest.
> Thy father's land cannot maintain these thoughts;
> These thoughts are far unfitting Fauconbridge:
> And well they may; for why this mounting mind
> Doth soar too high to stoop to Fauconbridge.
> Why, how now? Knowest thou where thou art?
> And knowest thou who expects thine answer here?
> Wilt thou, upon a frantic madding vein,
> Go lose thy land, and say thy self base-born?
> No! keep thy land, though Richard were thy sire,
> Whate'er thou thinkst, say thou art Fauconbridge.

[1] *Aside*, evidently.

However, when he is directly asked who was his father, he proudly claims Richard.

In the scenes in France, which form the second and third acts, Shakespeare has very closely followed his original in construction, though he has greatly extended some passages and compressed others. Many of the details of his workmanship are very ingenious; for example, when the treaty of marriage between Lewis and Blanch is made, he keeps Constance off the stage, because, as he says, "the match made up, her presence would have interrupted much." He tells in three lines, too (Act III. sc. ii. lines 5—7), a scene of the original in which Elinor is captured by the French, and afterwards rescued by Falconbridge; the representation of which would probably only have the effect of making the audience uncertain which side was winning.

Then follows perhaps the most important "cut" in the play, that of a scene in which Falconbridge carries out the raid upon the clergy, spoken of here in two lines only (Act III. sc. iv. lines 171-2). In this place, and throughout the play, Shakespeare has removed the attacks on the Church of Rome to so great an extent that the Catholics claim him for themselves; but it was probably more his hatred of vulgarity and buffoonery than of Protestantism, that made him strike out the scene in which the Bastard, ransacking the monasteries, finds a nun in the abbot's chest, a priest in a nun's; and in which a pious friar, horror-stricken, remarks

> Oh, I am undone! Fair Alice the nun
> Hath took up her rest in the Abbot's chest.
> Sancte benedicite, pardon my simplicitie!
> Fie, Alice! confession will not salve this transgression!

And, with regard to John's strong speeches against Popery at the end of the old play, they would probably make him more popular with the audience than Shakespeare could permit such a villain to be.

A great deal of valuable space occupied by the prophet, Peter of Pomfret, is also saved. He was originally brought on in the convent-scene (where his introduction seems to show that dramatists even then felt that it was better not to change the scene too often), and in two subsequent scenes he made long speeches to John, embodying the prophecy that he should give up his crown on Ascension Day, and embodied by Shakespeare, as far as Peter himself is concerned, in one single line (Act IV. sc. ii. line 154), which was probably introduced because the audience had got used to their prophet, and would not have liked to part with him entirely.

The prettiness and pathos of the great scene which follows, between Hubert and Arthur, are quite lost when the prince is made a philosophic young man instead of a winning and tender boy—the sweetest, in Shakespeare's hands, of all pathetic children who have

pleaded for their life in plays. Such arguments as the following, however sound and sensible, are not particularly touching:—

> Advise thee, Hubert, for the case is hard—
> To lose salvation for a king's reward.
> *Hubert.* My lord, a subject dwelling in the land
> Is tied to execute the king's command.
> *Arthur.* Yet God commands, whose power reacheth further,
> That no command should stand in force to murther.
> *Hubert.* But that same Essence hath ordained a law,
> A death for guilt, to keep the world in awe.
> (Pt. I. sc. xii. l. 76—83, p. 46.)

And so on, for a page of controversial epigrams. It is perhaps worth noticing that even so vague an expression of religious speculation as the terming God "that Essence" is hardly to be found in Shakespeare's writings.

The next scene (I. xiii.) is substantially the same as the present, Act IV. sc. ii.; but the difference in the skill of their workmanship makes it worth while to examine them in detail. In the first place, using the simple stage expedient of announcing a thing as just done instead of doing it, Shakespeare makes the king come on immediately after his second coronation instead of before it—thus saving a good deal of time, and losing absolutely nothing: there was no gain of pageantry in the old arrangement, and the discussion between Pembroke and the others is brought in quite as naturally now. Then, in accordance with the modern stage-rule (which, as a French critic tells us, has taken the place of the ancient rule of the three unities), that there must be no more entrances and exits than are absolutely necessary, Falconbridge's two entrances are reduced to one. The five moons, also, which make their actual appearance in the old play, are, like some of the characters in Ben Jonson's lists of *dramatis personæ*, "only talked on;" and a few lines take the place of an entire later scene (the second of the Second Part), in which occurred the speech already quoted, describing the manifold evils which are making England miserable. Of the reduction of Peter of Pomfret I have already spoken.

But the most important alteration in this scene is the way in which the false tidings of Arthur's death are treated. In the old version, John, after his coronation, offers a boon; the barons ask for Arthur's safety, which he grants, but with amusing candour withdraws at once upon Peter's prophecies of evil. Then comes Hubert, and blurts out before them all the news that—

> According to your highness' strict command,
> Young Arthur's eyes are blinded and extinct.
> (I. xiii. 208-9, p. 54.)

To which John replies, still with candid tranquillity—

> Why, so; then he may feel the crown but never see it.
> *Hubert.* Nor see nor feel; for of the extreme pain,

Within one hour gave he up the ghost.
John. What, is he dead?
Hubert. He is, my lord.
John. Then with him die my cares!
Essex. Now joy betide thy soul!
Pembroke. And heavens revenge thy death!
Essex. What have you done, my lord? Was ever heard
A deed of more inhuman consequence?
Your foes will curse, your friends will cry revenge.
Unkindly rage, more rough than northern wind,
To clip the beauty of so sweet a flower.
What hope in us for mercy on a fault,
When kinsman dies without impeach of cause?
As you have done, so come to cheer you with!
The guilt shall never be cast in my teeth!—(I. xiii. 210—226, p. 55.)

And the barons go. Now, Shakespeare has saved enough room elsewhere to be able to be far less jerky here. This is how he treats the above passage: Hubert enters, and John takes him apart, saying, "Hubert, what news with you?" Then—

Pembroke. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He showed his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.
Salisbury. The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.
Pembroke. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.
John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.
Salisbury. Indeed, we feared his sickness was past cure.
Pembroke. Iudeed, we heard how near his death he was
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answered either here or hence.
John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
Salisbury. It is apparent foul play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.
Pembroke. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forcèd grave.
That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

Whoever will read this entire scene as it stands in Shakespeare,

cannot fail to find how very much he has improved it in neatness of construction, in probability, in effectiveness, and even in brevity, though he has doubled the dignity and philosophic fulness of nearly all the chief speeches. And throughout the Second Part (which begins with Arthur's death) his alterations are at least as important and successful. Arthur does not make a speech of fifteen lines after he has leapt from the walls—he is a much less "unconscionable time a-dying;" and an immense improvement has been made in the subsequent scene (*Tr. R.*, Pt. II. sc. i., *K. John*, Act IV. sc. iii.) between Hubert and the barons, by the introduction of Falconbridge.

In the first scene of Act V. Shakespeare repeats the stage expedient I have already spoken of—he makes John come on just as he has yielded up his crown to Pandulph; and indeed this scene and the next are altogether very neatly constructed. Instead of them we have, in the old piece, first a long scene in which John (after hanging poor Peter of Pomfret) describes his misfortunes, and, under great pressure, consents to become the Pope's vassal (Pt. II. sc. ii. p. 13—15); then another, in which are set forth most elaborately the appeal to Lewis by the English barons, their oath, and his treachery (Pt. II. iii.); and a third, showing John's acceptance of the crown at Pandulph's hands, and the refusal of Lewis to retire at the Pope's bidding (Pt. II. sc. ii. p. 8—15).

The fifth and seventh scenes of this Second Part, giving the progress of the struggle between John and the French and rebels, correspond closely to the fourth and fifth of Shakespeare's Act V.; the sixth and eighth show at great length how John took refuge in Swinstead Abbey; how a certain monk, with the connivance of his abbot, poisoned the king's drink, and, tasting it first himself, with the historic cry of "Wassell!" died, remarking aside, "If the inwards of a toad be a compound of any proof—why, so: it works!" how Falconbridge, very naturally, killed the abbot; how the king died, after some long and powerful speeches, rather like those of Sir Giles Overreach, but very strongly anti-Catholic; and how, as he was dying, Henry and the revolted barons came, and John lifted his hand in token of forgiveness, and again as a sign that he died Christ's servant.

Now, these long scenes of meditated murder, and of murder itself and its reward, form a particularly unpleasant conclusion to a play which has already had quite its full share of treachery and crime: and their compression speaks as well for Shakespeare's healthy and manly feeling as for his skill as a dramatist. This skill is again displayed in the neatness with which he throws into a few lines, without change of scene, the establishment of Henry as king, which in the original play occupies a ninth scene, coming as an awkward anti-climax after the death of the hero. The "tag," given

in both plays by Falconbridge, shows how commonplace verse can be converted into splendid poetry. The original lines—

> Let England live but true within itself,
> And all the world can never wrong her state;

and—

> If England's peers and people join in one,
> Not Pope, nor France, nor Spain can do them wrong!

are replaced by the glorious—

> This England never did, nor never shall,
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
> But when it first did help to wound itself.
> Now these her princes are come home again,
> Come the three corners of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
> If England to itself do rest but true.

Before I leave these details of construction, I should like to remark three points in which Shakespeare, in compressing the original, has left matters a little less clear than he found them.

In the first place, does it strike one why Falconbridge makes such a dead set at Austria—or Lymoges, as Shakespeare, repeating his predecessor's blunder, sometimes calls him? Are we not apt to fancy that it was chiefly because the Bastard was a bullying sort of fellow, and saw that Austria was a coward? But in the old play it is at once and fully shown that he wanted to avenge the duke's cruelty to his father, Richard I.; Austria is indeed wearing the skin of the lion which Richard killed, and which gave him his famous surname.

Then—it is a very minor matter—but one does not quite know why Falconbridge should be so much annoyed at the betrothal of Blanche to the Dauphin; nor why Blanche should have backed up Falconbridge in his apparently unjustifiable attack upon Austria. In the original, we find that Elinor had half promised Blanche's hand to the Bastard, whom the lady gave up for Lewis with some reluctance.

Lastly—and this is a good deal more important—Shakespeare does not at all explain *why* the monk poisoned King John. Has not one been rather startled, on seeing the play acted, by its sudden termination? Just when his fortunes are at their most critical point, the hero, without rhyme or reason, dies: some one comes in casually and says that the king is dying, murdered by an anonymous monk, who is indeed described as a "resolvèd villain," but who is not shown to have had any motive whatever for his deed. It is as if the Gravedigger should suddenly brain Hamlet with his pick-axe, in the midst of their conversation, and decline to give any reason for his conduct. The author of the *Troublesome Raigne*, besides giving at length the scene of the ransacking the monasteries by the king's command, tells us in so many words that the murderous monk expected to be "canonized for a holy saint" for poisoning the king

that did "contemn the pope" and "never loved a friar," and shows us his conception of and preparation for the crime.

Having thus gone through the principal alterations which Shakespeare made in adapting this rough and diffuse old "history" for his own theatre, and having tried to show how greatly he improved it, even from the point of view of a modern stage-manager, I must explain why his example in this case seems to me, as I have said, a warning as well as a lesson to dramatists. What is it that has neutralised his efforts to make of *King John* a stage-play as successful and enduringly popular as, for example, *Richard III.*? It must be either the subject itself, or the way in which it has been dealt with in the original piece—which, in its broad outlines, he has not attempted to alter.

The subject is perhaps not altogether a good one. The king's great crime is so dastardly, the leading cause of his misfortunes (his quarrel with Rome about Stephen Langton) is so undramatic, and his nature breaks down so entirely at the end—when even a villain like Richard III. fights nobly, and forces some sort of respect from the audience—that it may be that no poet could have made a strong play of the story of his life. As it is, in Acts I. and II. he is a nonentity. Falconbridge filling the first act, and nobody being very prominent in the second; in the third act Constance is supreme, and in the fourth Arthur; while even in the fifth, the king is not of very great importance, his death-scene being much weakened in effect (however it may gain in refinement) by the removal of his violently remorseful and Protestant speeches. Indeed, it must be confessed that the omission from the play of the constant attacks on Popery, though an improvement from a purely literary point of view, destroys to a certain extent its *raison d'être*, the spirit that helped to animate its old straggling mass, and, as has been pointed out, the motive of its *dénouement*.

The effort, too, to give the piece a hero in Falconbridge is a failure, because, as long experience teaches, you *cannot* force a character out of the position he would naturally occupy in a play. Falconbridge is properly little more than a chorus, a cynical critic of a wicked age—he might be entirely omitted without in the least degree altering the substance of the plot—and it is therefore impossible to make the story centre in him, as should every story in some one figure, or inseparably-connected group of figures.

Shakespeare has no doubt kept so closely to the lines of the older play because it was a favourite with his audience, and they had grown to accept its history as absolute fact; but one can hardly help thinking that, had he boldly thrown aside these trammels and taken John as his hero, his great central figure; had he analysed and built up before us the mass of power, craft, passion, and devilry which made up the worst of the Plantagenets; had he dramatised

the grand scene of the signing of the Charter, and shown vividly the gloom and horror which overhung the excommunicated land; had he painted John's last despairing struggles against rebels and invaders, as he has given us the fiery end of Macbeth's life—we might have had another Macbeth, another Richard, who would by his terrible personality have welded the play together, and carried us along breathless through his scenes of successive victory and defeat.

That by this means something would be lost, is true—Falconbridge, for example, would certainly be lessened—but the worth of a real work of art is greater than the worth of any part of it; and Constance and Hubert probably need not suffer, while the influence of the death of Arthur might very likely be made to penetrate more thoroughly the entire play. In *Macbeth*, *Henry V.*, *Richard III.*, *Coriolanus*, everything is subordinated to the centre, the mainspring of the plot; in *King John* each act has a different hero. What could be more fatal to the interest of the whole?

To some it may seem presumptuous thus to criticise Shakespeare; but is it not indeed the only way to make sure that one really appreciates him? Of such appreciation I wish my unsparing criticism of his work to be a proof; it is a poor faith that dares not listen to and seek out every accusation against its idol.

EDWARD ROSE.

§ 4. My thanks are due to the Master, Fellows, and Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, for allowing Mr. Praetorius to facsimile their unique original of *The Troublesome Raigne*, and to Mr. Edward Rose and Messrs. Macmillan for their leave to reprint Mr. Rose's Paper. The lithographic work of this volume has been done by the firm in Hamburg, which has before produced some of the best work in this Series. The scene- and line-numbers are in the outer margin, the references to Shakspere's *King John* on the inner.—F. J. F., 12 June, 1888.

THE CHARACTERS IN PART I, IN THE ORDER OF THEIR ONCOMING.

(Those not in Shakspere's *King John* are stard *)

King IOHN, Sc. i, p. 5; p. 19, 24, 31, 37, 48.

Queene ELINOR, his Mother, Sc. i, p. 5; p. 19, 27, 32, 36, 37.

William Marshal, Earle of PEMBROOKE, Sc. i, p. 5, &c.; speaks, p. 49.

The Earle of ESSEX, Sc. i, p. 5, 11; p. 51.

The Earle of SALISBURY, Sc. i, p. 5.

Lord CHATTILION, Ambassador from *Fraunce*, Sc. i, p. 6; p. 18.

Thomas NIDIGATE, Shrieue of Northamptonshire, Sc. i, p. 7.

Philip FAUCONBRIDGE,[1] Bastard Son of K. RICHARD I, *Cordelion*, by Lady R. FAUCONBRIDGE, Sir Robert's Wife, Sc. i, p. 7; p. 20, 24, 25, 31, 35, 38, 40, 49.

Robert FAUCONBRIDGE, son and heir of Sir Robert FAUCONBRIDGE of *Mountbery*, Sc. i, p. 7.

Lady FAUCONBRIDGE, Sc. i, p. 7, 9.

PHILIP, the French King, Sc. ii, p. 17; p. 25, 31, 38.

LEWES, the Dolphin, PHILIPS Son, Sc. ii, p. 17.

LIMOGES, the Austrich Duke, Sc. ii, p. 17; p. 32.

CONSTANCE, Mother of ARTHUR, Widow of GEFFREY, Duke of *Britaine* (Bretayne), elder Brother of K. IOHN, Sc. ii, p. 17; p. 27, 31, 36, 38.

ARTHUR, Duke of *Britaine*, Sonne to CONSTANCE, Sc. ii, p. 17; p. 25, 36, 37, 44.

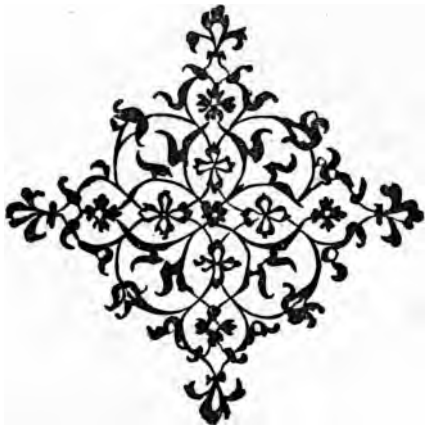
BLANCH, Neece to Q. ELINOR, Daughter to the King of *Spaine* (Alphonso IX), Sc. ii, p. 19; p. 25.

Citizens of *Angiers*, Sc. ii, p. 22; p. 24, 29.

[1] Knighted by K. John, as 'Sir Richard Plantaginet,' Sc. i, l. 301, p. 13.

English Herold, Sc. iv, p. 22.
French Herold, Sc. iv, p. 22.
PANDULPH, Cardinall of *Millaine*, and Legate from the Sea of *Rome*, Sc. v, p. 33; p. 38.
A Messenger to the French King, Sc. vii, p. 36.
HUBERT de BURGH (Chamberlain to K. John), Sc. ix, p. 37; p. 44, 54.
*Two Franciscan Friers, Sc. xi, p. 40.
*ALICE, the Nun, Sc. xi, p. 41.
*Frier LAURENÇE, Sc. xi, p. 42.
PETER, a Prophet, with People, Sc. xi, p. 43; p. 53.
*Boy, Sc. xi, p. 43.
3 Men, imployed to bind ARTHUR, Sc. xii, p. 44.
English Nobles, Sc. xiii, p. 50.
Trumpets, Soldiers, &c.

Scene: England & France. Time, A.D. 1199—1202; & 1211 (Sc. ix—x).



THE

Troubleſome Raigne

of *Iohn* King of *England*, with the diſcouerie of *King* Richard Cordelions Baſe ſonne (vulgarly named, The Baſtard Fawconbridge): *alſo the* death of King *Iohn* at *Swinſtead Abbey*.

As it was (ſundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Maieſties Players, in the honourable Citie of London.

Imprinted at London for *Sampſon Clarke*, *and are to be ſolde at his ſhop, on the backe*-ſide of the *Royall Exchange*.

1591.

To the Gentlemen Readers.

YOn that with friendly grace of ſmoothed brow
Haue entertaind the Scythian Tamburlaine,
And giuen applauſe vnto an Infidel:
Vouchſafe to welcome (with like curteſie)
A warlike Chriſtian and your Countreyman.
For Chriſts true faith indur'd he many a ſtorme,
And ſet himſelfe againſt the Man of Rome,
Vntill baſe treaſon (by a damned wight)
Did all his former triumphs put to flight,
Accept of it (ſweete Gentles) in good ſort,
And thinke it was preparde for your diſport.

. John. I. i.

The troublesome Raigne of *King Iohn.*

Sc. i.

Enter K. *Iohn*, Queene *Elinor* his mother, *William Marshal.* Earle of *Pembrooke*, the Earles of *Essex*, and of *Salisbury*

Queene Elianor.

BArons of *England*, and my noble Lords;
Though God and Fortune haue bereft from vs
Victorious *Richard* scourge of Infidels,
And clad this Land in stole of dismall hieu:
Yet giue me leaue to ioy, and ioy you all,
That from this wombe hath sprung a second hope
A King that may in rule and vertue both
Succeede his brother in his Emperie.

K. Iohn My gracious mother Queene, and Barons all;
Though farre vnworthie of so high a place,
As is the Throne of mightie *Englands* King:
Yet *Iohn* your Lord, contented vncontent,
Will (as he may) sustaine the heauie poke
Of pressing cares, that hang vpon a Crowne.
My Lord of *Pembrooke* and Lord *Salsbury*,
Admit the Lord *Shattilion* to our presence;
That we may know what *Philip* King of *Fraunce*
(By his Ambassadors) requires of vs.

Q. Elinor Dare lay my hand that *Elinor* can gesse
Whereto this weightie Embassade doth tend:
If of my Nephew *Arthur* and his claime,
Then say my Sonne I haue not mist my aime.

Enter *Chattilion* and the two Earles.

Iohn My Lord *Chattilion*, welcome into *England*:
How fares our Brother *Philip* King of *Fraunce*?

Chatt. His Highnes at my comming was in health,
And wild me to salute your Maiestie,
And say the message he hath giuen in charge.

Iohn And spare not man, we are prepard to heare.

Chattilion. *Philip* by the grace of God most Christian K. of *France*, hauing taken into his guardain and protection *Arthur* Duke of *Brittaine*, son & heire to *Ieffrey* thine elder brother, requireth in the behalfe of the said *Arthur*, the Kingdom of *England*, with the Lordship of *Ireland*, *Poiters*, *Aniow*, *Torain*, *Main*: and I attend thine aunswere.

Iohn. A small request: belike he makes account
That *England*, *Ireland*, *Poiters*, *Aniow*, *Torain*, *Main*,
Are nothing for a King to giue at once:
I wonder what he meanes to leaue for me.
Tell *Philip*, he may keepe his Lords at home,
With greater honour than to send them thus
On Embassades that not concerne himselfe,
Or if they did, would peeld but small returne.

Chatilion Is this thine aunswere?

Iohn It is, and too good an aunswer for so proud a message.

Chattilion Then King of *England*, in my Masters name,
And in Prince *Arthur* Duke of *Britaines* name,
I doo defie thee as an Enemie,
And wish thee to prepare for bloodie warres.

Q. Elinor My Lord (that stands vpon defiance thus)
Commend me to my Nephew, tell the boy,
That I Queene *Elianor* (his Grandmother)
Vpon my blessing charge him leaue his Armes,
Whereto his head-strong Mother pricks him so:
Her pride we know, and know her for a Dame
That will not sticke to bring him to his ende.
So she may bring her selfe to rule a Realme.
Next wish him to forsake the King of *Fraunce*,

And

And come to me and to his Uncle here.
And he ſhall want for nothing at our hands.
Chattilion. This ſhall I doo, and thus I take my leaue.
Iohn Pembrooke, conuay him ſafely to the ſea,
But not in haſt: for as we are aduiſde,
We meane to be in *Fraunce* as ſoone as he,
To forteſie ſuch townes as we poſſeſſe
In *Anion*, *Torain* and in *Normandy*. Exit *Chatt.*
Enter the Shriue, & whiſpers the Earle of *Salſ* in the eare.
Salisbury. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, heere is the Shriue of *Northhamptonſhire*, with certaine perſons that of late committed a riot, and haue appeald to your Maieſtie beſeeching your Highnes for ſpeciall cauſe to heare them.
Iohn Wil them come neere, and while we heare the cauſe,
Goe *Salsbury* and make prouiſion,
We meane with ſpeedt to paſſe the ſea to *Fraunce*.
Say Shrieue, what are theſe men, what haue they done?
Or whereto tends the courſe of this appeale?
Shrieue. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie theſe two brethren vnnaturally falling at odds about their Fathers liuing haue broken your Highnes peace, in ſeeking to right their own wrõgs without cauſe of Law, or order of Iuſtice, and vnlawfully aſſembled themſelues in mutinous manner, hauing committed a riot, appealing from triall in their Countrey to your Highnes: and here I *Thomas Nidigate* Shrieue of *Northhamptonſhire*, do deliuer them ouer to their triall.
Iohn My Lord of *Eſſex*, will the offenders to ſtand forth, and tell the cauſe of their quarrell.
Eſſex Gentlemen, it is the Kings pleaſure that you diſcouer your griefes, & doubt not but you ſhall haue iuſtice.
Philip Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, the wrong is mine; yet wil I abide all wrongs, before I once open my mouth to vnripp the ſhamefull ſlaunder of my parents, the diſhonour of myſelf, & the wicked dealing of my brother in this princely aſſembly.
Robert Then by my Prince his leaue ſhall *Robert* ſpeake,
And tell your Maieſtie what right I haue

To

To ouer wrong, as he accounterd wrong.
My Father (not vnknowen vnto your Grace)
Receiud his spurres of Knighthood in the Field,
At Kingly *Richards* hands in *Palestine*,
When as the walls of *Acon* gaue him way:
His name Sir *Robert Fauconbridge* of *Mountbery*.
What by succession from his Auncestours,
And warlike seruice vnder *Englands* Armes,
His liuing did amount to at his death
Two thousand Markes reuenew euery peare:
And this (my Lord) I challenge for my right,
As lawfull heire to *Robert Fauconbridge*.
Philip. If first borne sonne be heire indubitate
By certaine right of *Englands* auncient Lawe,
How should myselfe make any other doubt,
But I am heire to *Robert Fauconbridge?*
Iohn Fond Youth, to trouble these our Princely eares
Or make a question in so plaine a case:
Speake, is this man thine elder Brother borne?
Robert Please it your Grace with patience for to heare;
I not denie but he mine Elder is,
Mine elder Brother too: yet in such sort,
As he can make no title to the Land.
Iohn A doubtfull tale as euer I did heare,
Thy Brother and thine elder, and no heire:
Explaine this darke *Ænigma*.
Robert I graunt (my Lord) he is my mothers sonne,
Base borne, and base begot, no *Fauconbridge*.
Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire,
My Father in his life did count him so,
And here my Mother stands to prooue him so:
But I (my Lord) can prooue, and doo auerre
Both to my Mothers shame and his reproach,
He is no heire nor yet legitimate.
Then (gracious Lord) let *Fauconbridge* enioy
The liuing that belongs to *Fauconbridge*.

And

And let not him poſſeſſe anothers right.
Iohn Proue this, the land is thine by *Englands* law.
Q. Elianor Vngracious youth, to rip thy mothers ſhame,
The wombe from whence thou didſt thy being take,
All honeſt eares abhorre thy wickednes,
But gold I ſee doth beate downe natures law.
Mother. My gracious Lord, & you thrice reuerend Dame,
That ſee the teares diſtilling from mine eyes,
And ſcalding ſighes blowne from a rented heart:
For honour and regard of womanhood,
Let me entreate to be commaunded hence.
Let not theſe eares receiue the hiſſing ſound
Of ſuch a viper, who with poyſoned words
Doth maſſerate the bowels of my ſoule.
Iohn. Ladie, ſtand vp, be patient for a while:
And fellow, ſay, whole baſtard is thy brother.
Philip Not for my ſelfe, nor for my mother now:
But for the honour of ſo braue a Man,
Whom he accuſeth with adulterie:
Here I beſeech your Grace vpon my knees,
To count him mad, and ſo diſmiſſe vs hence.
Robert Nor mad, nor mazde, but well aduiſed, I
Charge thee before this royall preſence here
To be a Baſtard to King *Richards* ſelf,
Sonne to your Grace, and Brother to your Maieſtie.
Thus bluntly, and
Elianor Yong man thou needſt not be aſhamed of thy kin,
Nor of thy Sire. But forward with thy proofe.
Robert The proofe ſo plaine, the argument ſo ſtrong,
As that your Highnes and theſe noble Lords,
And all (ſaue thoſe that haue no eyes to ſee)
Shall ſweare him to be Baſtard to the King.
Firſt when my Father was Embaſſadour
In *Germanie* vnto the Emperour,
The King lay often at my Fathers houſe;
And all the Realme ſuſpected what befell:

Sc. i.

And at my Fathers back returne agen
My Mother was deliuered as tis ſed,
Sixe weekes before the account my Father made.
But more than this: looke but on *Philips* face,
His features, actions, and his lineaments,
And all this princely preſence ſhall confeſſe,
He is no other but King *Richards* Sonne.
Then gracious Lord, reſt he King *Richards* Sonne,
And let me reſt ſafe in my Fathers right,
That am his rightfull ſonne and onely heire.
Iohn Is this thy proofe, and all thou haſt to ſay?
Robert I haue no more, nor neede I greater proofe.
Iohn Firſt, where thou ſaidſt in abſence of thy Sire
My Brother often lodged in his houſe:
And what of that? baſe groome to ſlaunder him,
That honoured his Embaſſador ſo much,
In abſence of the man to cheere the wife?
This will not hold, proceede vnto the next.
Q Elinor Thou ſaiſt ſhe teemde ſix weeks before her time,
Why good Sir Squire are you ſo cunning growen
To make account of womens reckonings:
Spit in your hand and to your other proofes:
Many miſchaunces hap in ſuch affaires
To make a woman come before her time.
Iohn And where thou ſaiſt he looketh like the King
In action, feature and proportion:
Therein I holde with thee, for in my life
I neuer ſaw ſo liuely counterfet
Of *Richard Cordelion*, as in him.
Robert Then good my Lord, be you indifferent Iudge,
And let me haue my liuing and my right.
Q Elinor Nay heare you Sir, you runne away too faſt:
Know you not, *Omne ſimile non eſt idem*?
Or haue read in. Harke ye good ſir,
Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwiſe,
She lay with Sir *Robert* your Father, and thought vppon

King

King *Richard* my Sonne, and ſo your Brother was formed
in this faſhion.
Robert. Madame, you wrong me thus to ſeeke it out,
I craue my right: King *Iohn* as thou art King.
So be thou iuſt, and let me haue my right.
Iohn. Why (fooliſh boy) thy proofes are friuolous,
Nor canſt thou chalenge any thing thereby.
But thou ſhalt ſee how I will helpe thy claime,
This is my doome, and this my doome ſhall ſtand
Irreuocable, as I am King of *England*.
For thou knowſt not, weele aſke of them that know,
His mother and himſelfe ſhall ende this ſtrife:
And as they ſay, ſo ſhall thy liuing paſſe.
Robert My Lord, herein I chalenge you of wrong,
To giue away my right, and put the doome
Unto themſelues. Can there be likelihood
That ſhe will looſe?
Or he will giue the liuing from himſelfe?
It may not be my Lord. Why ſhould it be?
Iohn Lords keepe him back, and let him heare the doome.
Eſſex, firſt aſke the Mother thrice who was his Sire?
Eſſex Lady *Margaret* Widow of *Fauconbridge*,
Who was Father to thy Sonne *Philip*?
Mother Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, Sir *Robert Fauconbridge*.
Robert This is right, aſke my fellow there if I be a thiefe.
Iohn Aſke *Philip* whoſe Sonne he is.
Eſſex *Philip*, who was thy Father?
Philip Mas my Lord, and thats a queſtion: and you had
not taken ſome paines with her before, I ſhould haue deſired
you to aſke my Mother.
Iohn Say who was thy Father?
Philip Faith (my Lord) to anſwere you ſure he is my fa-
ther that was neereſt my mother when I was gotten, & him
I thinke to be Sir *Robert Fauconbridge*.
Iohn *Eſſex*, for faſhions ſake demaund agen,
And ſo an ende to this contention.

Robert Was euer man thus wrongd as *Robert* is?
Essex *Philip* speake I say, who was thy Father?
Iohn Young man how now, what art thou in a traunce?
Elianor *Philip* awake, the man is in a dreame.
Philip *Philippus atauis edite Regibus.*
What saist thou *Philip*, sprung of auncient Kings?
Quo me rapit tempestas?
What winde of honour blowes this furie forth?
Or whence proceede these fumes of Maiestie?
Me thinkes I heare a hollow Eccho sound,
That *Philip* is the Sonne vnto a King:
The whistling leaues vpon the trembling trees,
Whistle in consort I am *Richards* Sonne:
The bubling murmur of the waters fall,
Records *Philippus Regius filius:*
Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings,
Filling the ayre with glorie of my birth:
Birds, bubbles, leaues, and mountaines, Eccho, all
Ring in mine eares, that I am *Richards* Sonne.
Fond man, ah whether art thou carried?
How are thy thoughts pwrapt in Honors heauen?
Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camst,
Thy Fathers land cannot maintaine these thoughts,
These thoughts are farre vnfitting *Fauconbridge:*
And well they may; for why this mounting minde
Doth soare too high to stoupe to *Fauconbridge.*
Why how now? knowest thou where thou art?
And knowest thou who expects thine answere here?
Wilt thou vpon a frantick madding vaine
Goe loose thy land, and say thy selfe base borne?
No, keepe thy land, though *Richard* were thy Sire,
What ere thou thinkst, say thou art *Fauconbridge.*
Iohn Speake man, be sodaine, who thy Father was.
Philip Please it your Maiestie, Sir *Robert*
Philip, that *Fauconbridge* cleaues to thy iawes:
It will not out, I cannot for my life

Say

Say I am Sonne vnto a *Fauconbridge*.
Let land and liuing goe, tis honors fire
That makes me sweare King *Richard* was my Sire.
Base to a King addes title of more State,
Than Knights begotten, though legittimate.
Please it your Grace, I am King *Richards* Sonne.
Robert Robert reuiue thy heart, let sorrow die,
His faltring tongue not suffers him to lie.
Mother What head-strong furie doth enchaunt my sonne:
Philip Philip cannot repent, for he hath done.
Iohn Then *Philip* blame not me, thy selfe hast lost
By wilfulnesse, thy liuing and thy land.
Robert, thou art the heire of *Fauconbridge*,
God giue thee ioy, greater than thy desert.
Q Elianor Why how now *Philip*, giue away thine owne:
Philip Madame, I am bold to make my selfe your nephew,
The poorest kinsman that your Highnes hath:
And with this Prouerb gin the world anew,
Help hands, I haue no lands, honour is my desire;
Let *Philip* liue to shew himselfe worthie so great a Sire.
Elinor Philip, I think thou knewst thy Grandams minde:
But cheere thee boy, I will not see thee want
As long as *Elinor* hath foote of land;
Henceforth thou shalt be taken for my sonne,
And waite on me and on thine Uncle heere,
Who shall giue honour to thy noble minde.
Iohn Philip kneele down, that thou maist throughly know
How much thy resolution pleaseth vs,
Rise vp Sir *Richard Plantaginet* K. *Richards* Sonne.
Phil. Graunt heauens that *Philip* once may shew himselfe
Worthie the honour of *Plantaginet*,
Or baest of glorie of a Bastards name.
Iohn Now Gentlemen, we will away to *France*,
To checke the pride of *Arthur* and his mates:
Essex, thou shalt be Ruler of my Realme,
And toward the maine charges of my warres,

Ile ceaze the lazie Abbey lubbers lands
Into my hands to pay my men of warre.
The Pope and Popelings shall not greale themselues
With golde and groates, that are the souldiers due.
Thus forward Lords, let our commaund be done,
And march we forward mightely to *Fraunce*. Exeunt.
Manet *Philip* and his Mother.

Philip Madame I beseech you deigne me so much leasure as the hearing of a matter that I long to impart to you.

Mother Whats the matter *Philip*. I thinke your sute in secret, tends to some money matter, which you suppose burns in the bottome of my chest.

Phil. No Madam, it is no such sute as to beg or borrow,
But such a sute, as might some other grant,
I would not now haue troubled you withall.

Mother A Gods name let vs heare it.

Philip Then Madame thus, your Ladiship sees well,
How that my scandall growes by meanes of you,
In that report hath rumord vp and downe,
I am a bastard, and no *Fauconbridge*.
This grose atteint so tilteth in my thoughts,
Maintaining combat to abridge my ease,
That field and towne, and company alone,
Whatso I doo, or whereseoere I am,
I cannot chase the slaunder from thy thoughts.
If it be true, resolue me of my Sire,
For pardon Madame, if I thinke amisse.
Be *Philip Philip* and no *Fauconbridge*,
His Father doubtles was as braue a man.
To you on knees as sometime *Phaeton*,
Mistrusting silly *Merop* for his Sire,
Strayning a little bashfull modestie,
I beg some instance whence I am extraught.

Mother Yet more adoo to haste me to my graue,
And wilt thou too become a Mothers crosse?
Must I accuse myselfe to close with you?

Slaun-

Slaunder myſelf to quiet your affects:
Thou mooueſt me *Philip* with this idle talke,
Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.
Philip Nay Ladie mother, heare me further yet,
For ſtrong conceipt driues dutie hence awhile:
Your husband *Faulconbridge* was Father to that ſonne,
That carries marks of Nature like the Sire,
The ſonne that blotteth you with wedlocks breach,
And holds my right, as lineall in diſcent
From him whoſe forme was figured in his face.
Can Nature ſo diſſemble in her frame,
To make the one ſo like as like may be,
And in the other print no character
To chalenge any marke of true diſcent?
My brothers minde is baſe, and too too dull,
To mount where *Philip* lodgeth his affects,
And his externall graces that you view
(Though I report it) counterpoiſe not mine:
His conſtitution plaine debilitie,
Requires the chayre, and mine the ſeate of ſteele.
Nay, what is he, or what am I to him?
When any one that knoweth how to carpe,
Will ſcarcely iudge vs both one Countrey borne.
This Madame, this, hath driue me from myſelfe:
And here by heauens eternall lampes I ſweare,
As curſed *Nero* with his mother did,
So I with you, if you reſolue me not.
Mother Let mothers teares quench out thy angers fire.
And vrge no further what thou dooſt require.
Philip. Let ſonnes entreatie ſway the mother now,
Or els ſhe dies: Ile not infringe my vow.
Mother Unhappy talke: muſt I recount my ſhame,
Blab my miſdeedes, or by concealing die?
Some power ſtrike me ſpeechleſſe for a time,
Or take from him awhile his hearings vſe.
Why wiſh I ſo, vnhappy as I am?

The

The fault is mine, and he the faultie frute,
I blush, I faint, oh would I might be mute.
Philip. Mother be briefe, I long to know my name.
Mother And longing dye to shrowd thy Mothers shame.
Philip. Come Madame come, you neede not be so loth.
The shame is shared equall twixt vs both.
Is't not a slacknes in me worthie blame,
To be soolde, and cannot write my name.
Good Mother resolue me.
Mother. Then *Philip* heare thy fortune and my griefe,
My honours losse by purchase of thy selfe,
My shame, thy name, and husbands secret wrong,
All maind and staind by youths vnruly sway.
And when thou knowest from whence thou art extraught,
Or if thou knewst what suites, what threates, what feares,
To moove by loue, or massacre by death.
To yeeld with lone, or end by loues contempt.
The mightines of him that courted me,
Who tempred terror with his wanton talke,
That something may extenuate the guilt.
But let it not aduantage me so much:
Vpbraid me rather with the *Romane* Dame
That shed her blood to wash away her shame.
Why stand I to expostulate the crime
With *pro & contra*, now the déede is don,
When to conclude two words may tell the tale,
That *Philips* Father was a Princes Son,
Rich *Englands* rule, worlds onely terror hee,
For honours losse left me with childe of thee:
Whose Sonne thou art, then pardon me the rather,
For faire King *Richard* was thy noble Father.
Philip. Then *Robin Fauconbridge* I wish thee ioy,
My Sire a King, and I a landles Boy.
Gods Ladie Mother, the world is in my debt,
There's something owing to *Plantaginet*.
I marrie Sir, let me alone for game,

Ile

John I. i. Sc. i.

Ile act ſome wonders now I know my name.
By bleſſed *Marie* Ile not ſell that pride
For *Englands* wealth, and all the world beſide.
Sit faſt the proudeſt of my Fathers foes,
Away good Mother, there the comfort goes. Exeunt. 421

I. ii. Sc. ii.

Enter *Philip* the French King, and *Lewes*, *Limoges*, *Conſtance*, and her ſonne *Arthur*.

King Now gin we broach the title of thy claime
Yong *Arthur* in the *Albion* Territories,
Scaring proud *Angiers* with a puiſſant ſledge:
Braue *Auſtria*, cauſe of *Cordelions* death,
Is alſo come to aide thee in thy warres;
And all our Forces ſoyne for *Arthurs* right.
And, but for cauſes of great conſequence,
Pleading delay till newes from *England* come,
Twice ſhould not *Titan* hide him in the Weſt,
To coole the ſet-locks of his wearie teame.
Till I had with an vnreſiſted ſhock
Controld the mannage of proud *Angiers* walls,
Or made a forfet of my fame to Chaunce.
Conſtance May be that *Iohn* in conſcience or in feare
To offer wrong where you impugne the ill,
Will ſend ſuch calme conditions backe to *Fraunce*,
As ſhall rebate the edge of fearefull warres:
If ſo, forbearance is a deede well done.
Arthur Ah Mother, poſſeſſion of a Crowne is much,
And *Iohn* as I haue heard reported of,
For preſent vantage would aduenture farre.
The world can witnes in his Brothers time,
He tooke vpon him rule and almoſt raigne:
Then muſt it follow as a doubtfull poynt,
That hee'le reſigne the rule vnto his Nephew.
I rather thinke the menace of the world
Sounds in his eares as threats of no eſteeme,

And sooner would he scorne *Europaes* power,
Than lose the smallest title he enioyes;
For questionles he is an Englishman.
Lewes Why are the English pæreles in compare?
Braue Caualiers as ere that Iland bred,
Haue liude and dyde, and darde and done inough,
Yet neuer gracde their Countrey for the cause:
England is *England*, yéelding good and bad,
And *Iohn* of *England* is as other *Iohns*.
Trust me pong *Arthur*, if thou like my réde,
Praise thou the French that helpe thee in this neede.
Lymoges The Englishman hath little cause I trow,
To spend good speaches on so proud a foe.
Why *Arthur* heres his spoyle that now is gon,
Who when he liude outroude his Brother *Iohn*:
But hastie curres that lie so long to catch,
Come halting home, and meete their ouermatch.
But newes comes now, heres the Embassadour.
Enter *Chattilion*.
K Philip And in good time, welcome my Lord *Chattilion*:
What newes? will *Iohn* accord to our commaund.
Chattilion Be I not briefe to tell your Highnes all,
He will approach to interrupt my tale:
For one selfe bottome brought vs both to *Fraunce*.
He on his part will try the chaunce of warre,
And if his words inferre assured truth,
Will loose himselfe and all his followers,
Ere yéeld vnto the least of your demaunds.
The Mother Quéene she taketh on amaine
Gainst Ladie *Constance*, counting her the cause
That doth effect this claime to *Albion*,
Coniuring *Arthur* with a Grandames care,
To leaue his Mother; willing him submit
His state to *Iohn* and her protection,
Who (as she saith) are studious for his good:
More circumstance the season intercepts:

This

This is the ſumme, which briefly I haue ſhowne.
K. Phil. This bitter winde muſt nip ſome bodies ſpring,
Sodaine and briefe, why ſo, tis harueſt weather.
But ſay *Chattilion*, what perſons of accompt are with him?
Chattilion Of *England* Earle *Pembrooke* and *Salsbury*,
The onely noted men of any name.
Next them a Baſtard of the Kings deceaſt,
A hardy wilde head, tough and venturous,
With many other men of high reſolue.
Then is there with them *Elinor* Mother Queene,
And *Blanch* her Neece daughter to the King of *Spaine*:
Theſe are the prime Birds of this hot aduenture.
Enter *Iohn* & his followers, Queene, Baſtard, Earles, &c.
K. Philip Me ſeemeth *Iohn* an ouer-daring ſpirit
Effects ſome frenzie in thy raſh approach,
Treading my Confines with thy armed Troupes.
I rather lookt for ſome ſubmiſſe reply
Touching the claime thy Nephew *Arthur* makes
To that which thou vniuſtly doſt vſurpe.
K Iohn For that *Chattilion* can diſcharge you all,
I liſt not plead my Title with my tongue.
Nor came I hether with intent of wrong
To *Fraunce* or thee, or any right of thine;
But in defence and purchaſe of my right,
The Towne of *Angiers*: which thou doſt begirt
In the behalfe of Ladie *Conſtance* Sonne,
Whereto nor he nor ſhe can lay iuſt claime.
Conſtance Yes (falſe intruder) if that iuſt be iuſt,
And headſtrong vſurpation put apart,
Arthur my Sonne, heire to thy elder Brother,
Without ambiguous ſhadow of diſcent,
Is Soueraigne to the ſubſtance thou withholdſt.
Q. Elinor Miſgouernd Goſſip, ſtaine to this reſort
Occaſion of theſe vndecided iarres,
I ſay (that know) to check thy vaine ſuppoſe,
Thy Sonne hath naught to do with that he claymes.

For proofe whereof, I can inferre a Will,
That barres the way he vrgeth by diſcent.
Conſtance A Will indeede, a crabbed Womans will,
Wherein the Diuell is an ouerſeer,
And proud dame *Elnor* ſole Executreſſe:
More wills than ſo, on perill of my ſoule,
Were neuer made to hinder *Arthurs* right.
Arthur But ſay there was, as ſure there can be none,
The law intends ſuch teſtaments as voyd,
Where right diſcent can no way be impeacht.
Q. Elinor Peace *Arthur* peace, thy mother makes thee wings
To ſoare with perill after *Icarus*,
And truſt me yongling for the Fathers ſake,
I pitie much the hazard of thy youth.
Conſtance Beſhrew you els how pitifull you are,
Readie to weepe to heare him aſke his owne;
Sorrow betide ſuch Grandames and ſuch griefe,
That miniſter a poyſon for pure loue.
But who ſo blinde, as cannot ſee this beame,
That you forſooth would keepe your couſin downe,
For feare his Mother ſhould be vſde too well?
I theres the griefe, confuſion catch the braine,
That hammers ſhifts to ſtop a Princes raigne.
Q. Elianor Impatient, frantike, common ſlanderer,
Immodeſt Dame, vnnurtred quarreller,
I tell thee I, not enuie to thy Son,
But iuſtice makes me ſpeake as I haue don.
K. Philip But heres no proofe that ſhowes your ſon a King.
K. Iohn. What wants, my ſword ſhal more at large ſet down.
Lewes But that may breake before the truth be knowne.
Baſtard Then this may hold till all his right be ſhowne.
Lymoges Good words ſir ſauce, your betters are in place.
Baſtard Not you ſir doughtie with your Lions caſe.
Blanch Ah ioy betide his ſoule, to whom that ſpoile belõgd
Ah *Richard* how thy glorie here is wrongd.
Lymoges Me thinkes that *Richards* pride, & *Richards* fall,

Should

Should be a president t'affright you all.
Bastard What words are these? how doo my sinews shake?
My Fathers foe clad in my Fathers spoyle,
A thousand furies kindle with reuendge,
This hart that choller keepes a consistorie,
Searing my inwards with a brand of hate:
How doth *Alecto* whisper in mine eares?
Delay not *Philip*, kill the villaine straight,
Distrobe him of the matchles moniment
Thy Fathers triumph ore the Sauages,
Base heardgroome, coward, peasant, worse than a threshing slaue,
What makst thou with the Trophei of a King?
Shamst thou not copstrell, loathsome dunghill swad,
To grace thy carkasse with an ornament
Too precious for a Monarchs couerture?
Scarce can I temper due obedience
Unto the presence of my Soueraigne,
From acting outrage on this trunke of hate:
But arme thee traytor, wronger of renowme,
For by his soule I sweare, my Fathers soule,
Twice will I not review the Mornings rise,
Till I haue torne that Trophei from thy back,
And split thy heart, for wearing it so long,
Philip hath sworne, and if it be not done,
Let not the world repute me *Richards* Sonne.
Lymoges May soft sir Bastard, harts are not split so soone,
Let them reioyce that at the ende doo win:
And take this lesson at thy foemans hand,
Pawne not thy life, to get thy Fathers skin.
Blanch Well may the world speake of his knightly valor,
That winnes this hide to weare a Ladies fauour.
Bastard Ill may I thriue, and nothing brooke with mee,
If shortly I present it not to thee.
K. Philip Lordings forbeare, for time is comming fast,
That deedes may trie what words cannot determine,

And to the purpoſe for the cauſe you come.
We ſeemes you ſet right in chaunce of warre,
Yeelding no other reaſons for your claime,
But ſo and ſo, becauſe it ſhall be ſo.
So wrong ſhalbe ſuborned by truſt of ſtrength:
A Tyrants practize to inueſt himſelfe.
Where weaker reſiſtance giueth wrong the way.
To check the which, in holy lawfull Armes,
I in the right of *Arthur Geffreys* Sonne,
Am come before this Citie of *Angiers*,
To barre all other falſe ſuppoſed clayme,
From whence or howſoere the error ſpringe,
And in his quarrell on my Princely word,
Ile fight it out vnto the lateſt man.

Iohn Know King of *Fraunce*, I will not be commaunded
By any power or Prince in Chriſtendome,
To yeeld an inſtance how I hold mine owne,
More than to anſwere, that mine owne is mine.
But wilt thou ſee me parley with the Towne,
And heare them offer me alleageance,
Fealtie and homage, as true liege men ought.

K. Philip Summon them, I will not beleeue it till I ſee it. and when I ſee it Ile ſoone change it.

They ſummon the Towne, the Citizens appeare vpon the walls.

K. Iohn You men of *Angiers*, and as I take it my loyall Subiects, I haue ſummoned you to the walls: to diſpute on my right, were to thinke you doubtfull therein, which I am perſwaded you are not. In few words, our Brothers Sonne, backt with the King of *Fraunce*, haue beleagred your Towne vpon a falſe pretended title to the ſame: in defence whereof I your liege Lord haue brought our power to fence you from the Vſurper, to free your intended ſeruitude, and vtterly to ſupplant the foemen, to my right & your reſt. Say then, who who keepe you the Towne for?

Citizen For our lawfull King.

Iohn

K. John I. ii.

Sc. ii.

Iohn I was no leſſe perſwaded: then in Gods name open your gates, and let me enter.

Citizen And it pleaſe your Highnes we comptroll not your title, neither will we raſhly admit your entrance: if you bee lawfull King, with all obedience we keepe it to your vſe, if not King, our raſhnes to be impeached for yeelding, without more conſiderate triall: we anſwere not as men lawles, but to the behoofe of him that prooues lawfull.

Iohn I ſhall not come in then?

Citizen No my Lord, till we know more.

K. Philip Then heare me ſpeake in the behalfe of *Arthur* Sonne of *Geffrey* elder Brother to *Iohn*, his title manifeſt without contradiction to the Crowne and Kingdome of *England*, with *Angiers* and diuers Townes on this ſide the ſea: will you acknowledge him your liege Lord, who ſpeaketh in my word to intertaine you with all fauours as beſeemeth a King to his ſubiects, or a friend to his wel-willers: or ſtand to the perill of your contempt, when his title is prooued by the ſword.

Cuizen We anſwere as before till you haue prooued one right, we acknowledge none right, he that tries himſelfe our Soueraigne, to him will we remaine firme ſubiects, and for him, and in his right we hold our Towne as deſirous to know the truth as loath to ſubſcribe before we know't: More than this we cannot ſay, and more than this we dare not doo.

K. Philip Then *Iohn* I defie thee in the name and behalfe of *Arthur Plantaginet* thy King and couſin, whoſe right and patrimonie thou detaineſt, as I doubt not ere the day ende in a ſet battell make thee confeſſe; whereunto with a zeale to right I challenge thee.

K. Iohn I accept the challenge, and turne the defiance to thy throate.

(not in K. John)

Excurſions. The Baſtard chaſeth *Lymoges* the Auſtrich Duke, and maketh him leaue the Lyons skinne.

Sc. iii.

Ba-

Sc. iii. (not in K. Joh

Baſtard And art thou gone, miſfortune haunt thy ſteps,
And chill colde feare aſſaile thy times of reſt.
Morpheus leaue here thy ſilent Eban caue,
Beſiedge his thoughts with diſmall fantaſies,
And ghaſtly obiects of pale threatning *Mors*.
Affright him euery minute with ſtearne lookes
Let ſhadowe temper terror in his thoughts,
And let the terror make the coward mad,
And in his madnes let him feare purſute,
And ſo in frenzie let the peaſant die.
Here is the ranſome that allayes his rage,
The firſt freehold that *Richard* left his ſonne:
With which I ſhall ſurprize his liuing foes,
As *Hectors* ſtatue did the fainting *Greekes*. Exit.

Sc. iv. K. Jo II. i.

Enter the Kings Herolds with Trumpets to the wals of *Angiers*: they ſummon the Towne.

Eng. Herold *Iohn* by the grace of God King of *England*, Lord of *Ireland*, *Anion*, *Toraine*, &c. demaundeth once againe of you his ſubiects of *Angiers*, if you will quietly ſurrender vp the Towne into his hands:

Fr. Herold *Philip* by the grace of God King of *Fraunce*, demaundeth in the behalfe of *Arthur* Duke of *Britaine*, if you will ſurrender vp the Towne into his hands, to the vſe of the ſaid *Arthur*.

Citizens Herrolds goe tell the two victorious Princes, that we the poore Inhabitants of *Angiers*, require a parle of their Maieſties.

Herolds We goe.

Enter the Kings, Queene *Elianor*, *Blaunch*, *Baſtard*, *Lymoges*, *Lewes*, *Caſtilean*, *Pembrooke*, *Salisbury*, *Conſtance*, and *Arthur* Duke of *Britaine*.

Iohn. Herold, what anſwere doo the Townſmen ſend?

Philip.

Philip Will *Angiers* yéld to *Philip* King of *Fraunce*,
En. Her. The Townſmen on the wals accept your Grace.
Fr. Her And craue a parley of your Maieſtie.
Iohn You Citizens of *Angiers*, haue your eyes
Beheld the ſlaughter that our Engliſh bowes
Haue made vpon the coward frawdfull French:
And haue you wiſely pondred therewithall
Your gaine in yeelding to the Engliſh King:
Philip Their loſſe in yælding to the Engliſh King.
But *Iohn*, they ſaw from out their higheſt Towers
The Cheualiers of *Fraunce* and croſſebow ſhot
Make lanes of ſlaughtred bodies through thine hoaſt,
And are reſolude to yælde to *Arthurs* right.
Iohn Why *Philip*, though thou haueſt it foze the walls,
Thy conſcience knowes that *Iohn* hath wonne the field.
Philip What ere my conſcience knows, thy Armie feeles
That *Philip* had the better of the day.
Baſtard Philip Indéede hath got the Lyons caſe,
Which here he holds to *Lymoges* diſgrace.
Baſe Duke to flye and leaue ſuch ſpoyles behinde:
But this thou knewſt of foyce to make mée ſtay.
It farde with thée as with the marriner,
Spying the hugie Whale, whoſe monſtrous bulke
Doth beare the waues like mountaines foze the winde,
That throwes out emptie veſſells, ſo to ſtay
His furie, while the ſhip doth ſaile away.
Philip tis thine: and foze this Pzincely pzeſence,
Madame I humbly lay it at your feete,
Being the firſt aduenture I atchieud,
And firſt exployt your Grace did enioyne:
Yet many moze I long to be enioynd.
Blaunch Philip I take it, and I thee commaund
To weare the ſame as earſt thy Father did:
Therewith receiue this fauour at my hands,
T'incourage thee to follow *Richards* fame.
Arthur Ye Citizens of *Angiers*, are ye mute?

Arthur or *John*, say which shall be your King?

Citizen We care not which, if once we knew the right,
But till we know we will not yeeld our right.

Bastard Might *Philip* counsell two so mightie Kings,
As are the Kings of *England* and of *Fraunce*,
He would aduise your Graces to vnite
And knit your forces gainst these Citizens,
Pulling their battered walls about their eares.
The Towne once wonne then striue about the claime,
For they are minded to delude you both.

Citizen Kings, Princes, Lords & Knights assembled here,
The Citizens of *Angiers* all by me
Entreate your Maiestie to heare them speake:
And as you like the motion they shall make,
So to account and follow their aduice.

Iohn. Philip. Speake on, we giue thee leaue.

Citizen Then thus: whereas that yong & lustie knight
Incites you on to knit your kingly strengths:
The motion cannot choose but please the good,
And such as loue the quiet of the State.
But how my Lords, how should your strengths be knit?
Not to oppresse your subiects and your friends,
And fill the world with brawles and mutinies:
But vnto peace your forces should be knit
To liue in Princely league and amitie:
Do this, the gates of *Angiers* shall giue way
And stand wide open to your harts content.
To make this peace a lasting bond of loue,
Remains one onely honorable meanes,
Which by your pardon I shall here display.
Lewes the Dolphin and the heire of *Fraunce*,
A man of noted valor through the world,
Is yet vnmaried: let him take to wife
The beauteous daughter of the King of *Spaine*,
Neece to K. *John*, the louely Ladie *Blanche*,
Begotten on his Sister *Elianor*.

With her in marriage will her vncle giue
Castles and Towers as fitteth such a match.
The Kings thus ioynd in league of perfect loue,
They may so deale with *Arthur* Duke of *Britaine*,
Who is but yong, and yet vnmeete to raigne,
As he shall stand contented euerie way.
Thus haue I boldly (for the common good)
Deliuered what the Citie gaue in charge.
And as vpon conditions you agree,
So shall we stand content to yeeld the Towne.
Arthur A proper peace, if such a motion hold;
These Kings beare armes for me, and for my right,
And they shall share my lands to make them friends.
Q Elianor Sonne *Iohn*, follow this motion, as thou louest thy mother,
Make league with *Philip*, yeeld to any thing:
Lewes shall haue my Neece, and then be sure
Arthur shall haue small succour out of *Fraunce*.
Iohn Brother of *Fraunce*, you heare the Citizens:
Then tell me, how you meane to deale herein.
Constance Why *Iohn*, what canst thou giue vnto thy Neece,
That hast no foote of land, but *Arthurs* right?
Lewes By my Ladie Citizens, I like your choyce,
A louely Damsell is the Ladie *Blanche*,
Worthie the heire of *Europe* for her pheere.

II. ii.

Constance What Kings, why stand you gazing in a trance?
Why how now Lords? accursed Citizens
To fill and tickle their ambitious eares,
With hope of gaine, that springs from *Arthurs* losse.
Some dismall Plannet at thy birthday raignd,
For now I see the fall of all thy hopes.
K. Philip Ladie, and Duke of *Britaine*, know you both,
The King of *Fraunce* respects his honor more,
Than to betray his friends and fauourers.
Princesse of *Spaine*, could you affect my Sonne,
If we vpon conditions could agree?

Bastard Swounds Madam, take an English Gentleman:
Slaue as I was, I thought to haue mooude the match.
Grandame you made me halfe a promise once,
That Lady *Blanch* should bring me wealth inough,
And make me heire of store of English land.
Q. Elianor Peace *Philip*, I will looke thee out a wife,
We must with pollicie compound this strife.
Bastard If *Lewes* get her, well, I say no more:
But let the frolicke Frenchman take no scorne,
If *Philip* front him with an English horne.
Iohn Ladie, what answere make you to the King of *France*?
Can you affect the Dolphin for your Lord?
Blanch I thanke the King that likes of me so well,
To make me Bride vnto so great a Prince:
But giue me leaue my Lord to pause on this,
Least being to too forward in the cause,
It may be blemish to my modestie.
Q Elinor Sonne *Iohn*, and worthie *Philip* K. of *Fraunce*,
Doo you confer awhile about the Dower,
And I will schoole my modest Neece so well,
That she shall yéld assoone as you haue done.
Constance I, theres the wretch that broacheth all this ill,
Why slye I not vpon the Beldames face,
And with my nayles pull foorth her hatefull eyes.
Arthur Sweete Mother cease these hastie madding fits:
For my sake, let my Grandame haue her will.
O would she with her hands pull forth my heart,
I could affoord it to appease these broyles.
But mother let vs wisely winke at all:
Least farther harmes ensue our hastie speach.
Philip Brother of *England*, what dowrie wilt thou giue
Vnto my Sonne in marriage with thy Neece?
Iohn First *Philip* knowes her dowrie out of *Spaine*
To be so great as may content a King:
But more to mend and amplifie the same,
I giue in money thirtie thousand markes.

For

For land I leaue it to thine owne demaund.
Philip Then I demaund *Volqueſſon, Torain, Main,*
Poiters and *Anion*, theſe fiue Prouinces,
Which thou as King of *England* holdſt in *Fraunce:*
Then ſhall our peace be ſoone concluded on.
Baſtard No leſſe than fiue ſuch Prouinces at once?
Iohn Mother what ſhall I doo? my brother got theſe lands
With much effuſion of our Engliſh bloud:
And ſhall I giue it all away at once:
Q. Elinor *Iohn* giue it him, ſo ſhalt thou liue in peace,
And kæpe the reſidue ſanz ieopardie.
Ion Philip bring forth thy Sonne, here is my Neece,
And here in mariage I doo giue with her
From me and my Succeſſors Engliſh Kings,
Volqueſſon, Poiters, Anion, Torain, Main,
And thirtie thouſand markes of ſtipend coyne.
Now Citizens, how like you of this match:
Citizen We ioy to ſee ſo ſweete a peace begun.
Lewes *Lewes* with *Blanch* ſhall euer liue content.
But now King *Iohn*, what ſay you to the Duke?
Father, ſpeake as you may in his behalfe.
Philip K. *Iohn*, be good vnto thy Nephewhere,
And giue him ſomewhat that ſhall pleaſe thee beſt.
Iohn *Arthur*, although thou troubleſt *Englands* peace:
Yet here I giue thee *Brittaine* for thine owne,
Together with the Earledome of *Richmont*,
And this rich Citie of *Angiers* withall.
Q. Elianor And if thou ſeeke to pleaſe thine Vnckle *Iohn*,
Shalt ſee my Sonne how I will make of thee.
Iohn Now euery thing is ſorted to this end,
Lets in and there prepare the mariage rytes,
Which in S. *Maries* Chappell preſently
Shalbe performed ere this Preſence part. Exeunt.

Manent *Conſtance & Arthur.*
Arthur Madam good cheere, theſe drouping languiſhmēts

Adde no redreſſe to ſalue our awkward haps.
If heauens haue concluded theſe euents,
To ſmall auaile is bitter penſiuenes:
Seaſons will change, and ſo our preſent griefe
May change with them, and all to our reliefe.
Conſtance Ah boy, thy yeares I ſee are farre too greene
To looke into the bottome of theſe cares.
But I, who ſee the poyſe that weigheth downe
Thy weale, my wiſh, and all the willing meanes
Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame ſhould mount.
What ioy, what eaſe, what reſt can lodge in me,
With whom all hope and hap doth diſagree?
Arthur Yet Ladies teares, and cares, and ſolemne ſhowes,
Rather than helpes heape vp more worke for woes.
Conſtance If any Power will heare a widdowes plaint,
That from a wounded ſoule implores reuenge;
Send fell contagion to infect this Clyme,
This curſed Countrey, where the traytors breath,
Whoſe periurie as prowd *Briareus*,
Beleaguers all the Skie with miſbeliefe.
He promiſt *Arthur* and he ſware it too,
To defence thy right, and check thy foemans pride:
But now black-ſpotted Periure as he is,
He takes a truce with *Anors* damned hat,
And marries *Lewes* to her louely Neece,
Sharing thy fortune and thy birth-dayes gift
Betweene theſe louers: ill betide the match.
And as they ſhoulder thee from out thy owne,
And triumph in a widowes tearefull cares:
So heauens croſſe them with a thriftles courſe.
Iſall the bloud ſpilt on either part,
Cloſing the cranies of the thirſtie earth,
Growne to a louegame and a Bridall feaſt?
And muſt thy birthright bid the wedding banes?
Poore helples boy, hopeles and helples too,
To whom miſfortune ſeemes no yoke at all.

Thy

K. John II. ii. Sc. iv.

Thy ſtay, thy ſtate, thy imminent miſhaps
Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care,
Why lookſt thou pale? the colour flyes thy face,
I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth,
And make it moodie with my doles diſcourſe,
Goe in with me, reply not louely boy,
We muſt obſcure this mone with melodie,
Leaſt woꝛſer wꝛack enſue our malecontent. Exeunt.

III. i. Sc. v.

Enter the King of *England*, the King of *Fraunce*, *Arthur*, *Baſtard*, *Lewes*, *Lymoges*, *Couſtance*, *Blanche*, *Chattilion*, *Pembrooke*, *Salisburie*, *and Elianor*.

Iohn This is the day, the long deſired day,
Wherein the Realmes of *England* and of *Fraunce*
Stand highly bleſſed in a laſting peace.
Thꝛice happie is the Bꝛidegroome and the Bꝛide,
From whoſe ſweete Bꝛidale ſuch a concoꝛd ſpꝛings,
To make of moꝛtall foes immoꝛtall friends.
Conſtance Ungodly peace made by an others warre.
Philip Unhappie peace, that ties thee from reuenge.
Rouſe thée *Plantaginet*, liue not to ſee
The butcher of the great *Plantiginet*.
Kings, Pꝛinces, and ye Peeres of either Realmes,
Pardon my raſhnes, and foꝛgiue the zeale
That caries me in furie to a deede
Of high deſert, of honour, and of armes.
A boone O Kings, a boone doth *Philip* beg
Pꝛoſtrate vpon his knee: which knee ſhall cleaue
Unto the ſuperficies of the earth,
Till *Fraunce* and *England* graunt this gloꝛious boone.
Iohn Speake *Philip*, *England* graunts thee thy requeſt.
Philip And *Fraunce* confirmes what ere is in his power.
Baſtard Then Duke ſit faſt, I leuell at thy head,
Too baſe a ranſome foꝛ my fathers life.
Pꝛinces, I craue the Combat with the Duke

That

That braues it in dishonor of my Sire.
Your words are past nor can you now reuerse
The Princely promise that reuiues my soule,
Whereat me thinks I see his sinnews shake:
This is the boon (dread Lords) which granted once
Or life or death are pleasant to my soule;
Since I shall liue and die in *Richards* right.
Lymoges Base Bastard, misbegotten of a King.
To interrupt these holy nuptiall rytes
With brawles and tumults to a Dukes disgrace:
Let it suffice, I scorne to ioyne in fight,
With one so farre vnequall to my selfe.
Bastard A fine excuse, Kings if you wilbe Kings,
Then keepe your words, and let vs combat it.
Iohn Philip, we cannot force the Duke to fight,
Being a subiect vnto neither Realme:
But tell me *Austria*, if an English Duke
Should dare thee thus, wouldst thou accept the challendge?
Lymoges Els let the world account the *Austrich* Duke
The greatest coward liuing on the Earth.
Iohn Then cheere thee *Philip*, *Iohn* will keepe his word,
Kneele downe, in sight of *Philip* King of *Fraunce*
And all these Princely Lords assembled here,
I gird thee with the sword of *Normandie*,
And of that land I doo inuest thee Duke:
So shalt thou be in liuing and in land
Nothing inferiour vnto *Austria*.
Lymoges K. *Iohn*, I tell thee flatly to thy face
Thou wrongst mine honour: and that thou maist see
How much I scorne thy new made Duke and thee,
I flatly say, I will not be compeld:
And so farewell Sir Duke of low degree,
Ile finde a time to match you for this geere. *Exit.*
Iohn Stay *Philip*, let him goe the honors thine.
Bastard I cannot liue vnles his life be mine.
Q. Elianor Thy forwardnes this day hath ioyd my soule.

And

And made me thinke my *Richard* liues in thée.
K. Philip Lordings lets in, and spend the wedding day
In maskes and triumphs, letting quarrells cease.

Enter a Cardynall from *Rome*.

Card. Stay King of *France*, I charge thee ioyn not hands
With him that stands accurst of God and men.
Know *Iohn*, that I *Pandulph* Cardinall of *Millaine*, and
Legate from the Sea of *Rome*, demaund of thee in the name
of our holy Father the Pope *Innocent*, why thou dost (contrarie to the lawes of our holy mother the Church, and our holye father the Pope) disturbe the quiet of the Church, and disanull the election of *Stephen Langhton*, whom his Holines hath elected Archbishop of *Canterburie*: this in his Holines name I demaund of thee?
Iohn And what hast thou or the Pope thy maister to doo to demaund of me, how I employ mine owne? Know sir Priest as I honour the Church and holy Churchmen, so I scorne to be subiect to the greatest Prelate in the world. Tell thy Maister so from me, and say, *Iohn* of *England* said it, that neuer an Italian Priest of them all, shall either haue tythe, tole, or poling penie out of *England*, but as I am King, so wil I raigne next vnder God, supreame head both ouer spirituall and temrall: and hee that contradicts me in this, Ile make him hoppe headlesse.
K. Philip What King *Iohn*, know you what you say, thus to blaspheme against our holy father the Pope.
Iohn Philip, though thou and all the Princes of Christendome suffer themselues to be abused by a Prelates slauerie, my minde is not of such base temper. If the Pope will bee King in *England*, let him winne it with the sword, I know no other title he can alleage to mine inheritance.
Card. Iohn, this is thine answere?
Iohn What then?
Card. Then I *Pandulph* of *Padoa* Legate from the Apostolike

Catholick Sea, doo in the name of S. *Peter* and his ſucceſſor our
holy Father Pope *Innocent*, pronounce thee accurſed diſcharging euery of thy ſubiectes of all dutie and fealtie that they
doo owe to thee, and pardon and forgiuenes of ſinne to thoſe or
them whatſoeuer, which ſhall carrie armes againſt thee, or
murder thée: this I pronounce, and charge all good men to
abhorre thee as an excommunicate perſon.

Iohn So ſir, the more the Foe is curſt the better a fares: if
God bleſſe me and my Land, let the Pope and his ſhauelings
curſe and ſpare not.

Card. Furthermore I charge thée *Philip* King of *France*,
and al the Kings and Princes of Chriſtendome, to make war
vppon this miſcreant: and whereas thou haſt made a league
with him, and confirmed it by oath, I doo in the name of our
foreſaid father the Pope, acquit thee of that oath as vnlawful.
being made with an heretike, how ſaiſt thou *Philip*, dooſt thou
obey?

Iohn Brother of *Fraunce*, what ſay you to the Cardinall?

Philip I ſay, I am ſorrie for your Maieſtie, requeſting
you to ſubmit your ſelfe to the Church of *Rome*.

Iohn And what ſay you to our league, if I doo not ſubmit?

Philip What ſhould I ſay? I muſt obey the Pope.

Iohn Obey the Pope, and breake your oath to God?

Philip The Legate hath abſolude me of mine oath:
Then peeld to *Rome*, or I defie thee herre.

Iohn Why *Philip*, I defie the Pope and thée,
Falſe as thou art, and periurde K. of *Fraunce*,
Vnworthie man to be accompted King.
Giu'ſt thou thy ſword into a Prelates hands?
Pandulph, where I of Abbots, Monkes and Friers
Haue taken ſomewhat to maintaine my warres,
Now will I take no more but all they haue.
Ile rowze the lazie lubbers from their Cells,
And in deſpight Ile ſend them to the Pope.
Mother, come you with me, and for the reſt
That will not follow *Iohn* in this attempt,

Con-

K. John. III. i.

Sc. v.

Confuſion light vpon their damned ſoules.
Come Lords, fight for your King that fighteth for your good?
Philip And are they gone? *Pandulph* thy ſelfe ſhalt ſee
How *Fraunce* will fight for *Rome* and *Romiſh* rytes.
Nobles, to armes, let him not paſſe the ſeas,
Lets take him captiue, and in triumph lead
The K. of *England* to the gates of *Rome*.
Arthur, beſtirre thee man, and thou ſhalt ſee
What *Philip* K. of *Fraunce* will doo for thee.
Blanche And will your Grace vpon your wedding day
Forſake your Bride and follow dreadfull drums:
Nay, good my Lord, ſtay you at home with mee.
Lewes Sweete heart content thée, and we ſhall agree.
Philip Follow me Lords, Lord Cardynall leaw the way,
Drums ſhalbe muſique to this wedding day. Exeunt.

not in K. John.)

Sc. vi.

Excurſions. The Baſtard purſues *Auſtria*, and kills him.

Baſtard Thus hath K. *Richards* Sonne perfoꝛmde his vowes.
And offred *Auſtrias* bloud for ſacrifice
Vnto his fathers euerliuing ſoule.
Braue *Cordelion*, now my heart doth ſay,
I haue deſerude, though not to be thy heire
Yet as I am, thy baſe begotten ſonne,
A name as pleaſing to thy *Philips* heart,
As to be cald the Duke of *Normandie*.
Lie there a pray to euery rauening fowle:
And as my Father triumpht in thy ſpoyles,
And trode thine Enſignes vnderneath his féete,
So doo I tread vpon thy curſed ſelfe,
And leaue thy bodie to the fowles for food. Exit.

K. John. III. ii.

Sc. vii.

Excurſions. *Arthur*, *Conſtance*, *Lewes*, hauing taken Q. *Elianor* priſoner.

Conſtance. Thus hath the God of Kings with conquering arme
Diſpearſt the foes to true ſucceſſion.
Proud, and diſturber of thy Countreyes peace,
Conſtance dothliue to tame thine inſolence,
And on thy head will now auenged be
For all the miſchiefes hatched in thy braine.
Q Elinor Contemptuous dame vnreuent Dutches thou,
To braue ſo great a Queene as *Elianor*.
Baſe ſcolde hast thou forgot, that I was wife,
And mother to three mightie Engliſh Kings?
I charge thée then, and you forſooth ſir Boy,
To ſet your Grandmother at libertie,
And péeld to *Iohn* your Uncle and your King.
Conſtance Tis not thy words proud Queene ſhal carry it.
Elianor Nor yet thy threates proud Dame ſhal daunt my minde.
Arthur Sweete Grandame, and good Mother leaue theſe brawles.
Elianor Ile finde a time to triumph in thy fall.
Conſtance My time is now to triumph in thy fall.
And thou ſhalt know that *Conſtance* will triumph.
Arthur Good Mother weigh it is Queene *Elianor*,
Though ſhe be captiue, vſe her like herſelfe.
Sweete Grandame beare with what my Mother ſayes,
Your Highnes ſhalbe vſed honourably.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. *Lewes* my Lord, Duke *Arthur*, and the reſt,
To armes in haſt, K. *Iohn* reiſes his men,
And ginnes the fight afreſh: and ſweares withall
To loſe his life, or ſet his Mother free.
Lewes *Arthur* away, tis time to looke about.
Elianor Why how now dame, what is your courage cold?
Conſtance No *Elianor*, my courage gathers ſtrength,

And

K.John III. ii. Sc. vii.

And hopes to lead both *Iohn* and thee as slaues:
And in that hope, I hale thee to the field. Exeunt. 32

(not in K.John) Sc. viii

Excursions. *Elianor* is rescued by *Iohn*, and *Arthur* is taken prisoner. *Exeunt*. Sound victorie.

K.John III. iii. Sc. ix.

Enter *Iohn*, *Elianor*, and *Arthur* Prisoner, *Bastard*, *Pembrooke*, *Salisbury*, and *Hubert de Burgh*.

Iohn Thus right triumphs, and *Iohn* triumphs in right. 1
Arthur thou seest, *Fraunce* cannot bolster thee:
Thy Mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall.
But if at last, Nephew thou yeeld thy selfe 4
Into the gardance of thine Uncle *Iohn*,
Thou shalt be vsed as becomes a Prince.
Arthur Uncle, my Grandame taught her Nephew this,
To beare captiuitie with patience. 8
Might hath preuayld not right, for I am King
Of *England*, though thou weare the Diadem.
Q. Elianor Sonne *Iohn*, soone shall we teach him to forget
These proud presumptions, and to know himselfe. 12
Iohn Mother, he neuer will forget his claime,
I would he liude not to remember it.
But leauing this, we will to *England* now,
And take some order with our Popelings there, 16
That swell with pride, and fat of lay mens lands.
Philip I make thee thiefe in this affaire,
Ransack the Abbeys, Cloysters, Priories,
Conuert their coyne vnto my souldiers vse: 20
And whatsoere he be within my Land,
That goes to *Rome* for iustice and for law,
While he may haue his right within the Realme,
Let him be iudgde a traitor to the State, 24
And suffer as an enemie to *England*.
Mother, we leaue you here beyond the seas,
As Regent of our Prouinces in *Fraunce*, 27

Sc. ix

While we to *England* take a ſpeedie courſe,
And thanke our God that gaue vs victorie.
Hubert de Burgh take *Arthur* here to thee,
Be he thy priſoner: *Hubert* keepe him ſafe,
For on his life doth hang thy Soueraignes crowne.
But in his death conſiſts thy Soueraignes bliſſe:
Then *Hubert*, as thou ſhortly hearſt from me,
So vſe the priſoner I haue giuen in charge.
Hubert Frolick yong Prince, though I your keeper bee,
Yet ſhall your keeper liue at your commaund.
Arthur. As pleaſe my God, ſo ſhall become of me.
Q. Elianor My Sonne to *England*, I will ſee thee ſhipt,
And pray to God to ſend thee ſafe aſhore.
Baſtard Now warres are done, I long to be at home
To diue into the Monkes and Abbots bags,
To make ſome ſport among the ſmooth ſkin Nunnes,
And keepe ſome reuell with the ſanzen Friers.
Iohn To *England* Lords, each looke vnto your charge,
And arme your ſelues againſt the Romane pride. Exeunt.

Sc. x

Enter the K. of *Fraunce*, *Lewes* his ſonne, Cardinall *Pandolph* Legate, and *Conſtance*.

III. iv.

Philip What euery man attacht with this miſhap?
Why frowne you ſo, why droop ye Lords of *Fraunce*?
Me thinkes it differs from a warlike minde
To lowre it for a checke or two of chaunce.
Had *Lymoges* eſcapt the baſtards ſpight,
A little ſorrow might haue cerude our loſſe.
Braue *Auſtria*, heauen ioyes to haue thee there.
Card. His ſowle is ſafe and free from Purgatorie,
Our holy Father hath diſpenſt his ſinnes,
The bleſſed Saints haue heard our orizons,
And all are Mediators for his ſoule,
And in the right of theſe moſt holy warres,
His holines free pardon doth pronounce

To

To all that follow you gainſt Engliſh heretiques,
Who ſtand accurſed in our mother Church.

Enter *Conſtance* alone.

Philip To aggrauate the meaſure of our griefe,
All malcontent comes *Conſtance* for her Sonne.
Be briefe good Madame, for your face imports
A tragick tale behinde thats yet vntolde.
Her paſſions ſtop the organ of her voyce,
Deepe ſorrow throbbeth miſbefalne euents,
Out with it Ladie, that our Act may end
A full Cataſtrophe of ſad laments.
Conſt. My tongue is tunde to ſtorie forth miſhap:
When did I breath to tell a pleaſing tale?
Muſt *Conſtance* ſpeake: let teares preuent her talke:
Muſt I diſcourſe? let *Dido* ſigh and ſay,
She weepes againe to heare the wrack of *Troy*:
Two words will ſerue, and then my tale is done:
Elnors proud brat hath robd me of my Sonne.
Lewes Haue patience Madame, this is chaunce of warre:
He may be ranſomde, we reuenge his wrong.
Conſtance Neither ſo ſoone, I ſhall not liue ſo long.
Philip Deſpaire not yet, come *Conſtance*, goe with me,
Theſe clowdes will fleet, the day will cleare againe. Exeunt.
Card. Now *Lewes*, thy fortune buds with happie ſpring,
Our holy Fathers prayers effecteth this.
Arthur is ſafe, let *John* alone with him,
Thy title next is fairſt to *Englands* Crowne:
Now ſtirre thy Father to begin with *John*,
The Pope ſayes I, and ſo is *Albion* thine.
Lewes Thankes my Lord Legate for your good conceipt,
Tis beſt we follow now the game is faire,
My Father wants to worke him your good words.
Card. A few will ſerue to forward him in this,
Thoſe ſhal not want: but lets about it then. Exeunt.

Enter

Sc. xi.

(not in
K. John

Enter *Philip* leading a Frier, charging him to ſhow where the Abbots golde lay.

Philip Come on you fat Franciſcans, dallie no longer, but ſhew me where the Abbots treaſure lyes, or die.
Frier *Benedicamus Domini*, was euer ſuch an iniurie.
Sweete S. *Withold* of thy lenitie, defend vs from extremitie,
And heare vs for S. Charitie, oppreſſed with auſteritie.
In nomini Domini, make I my homilie,
Gentle Gentilitie grieue not the Cleargie.
Philip Grey gowne good face, coniure ye,
ner truſt me for a groate,
If this waſte girdle hang thee not
that girdeth in thy coate.
Now balde and barefoote *Bungie* birds
when vp the gallowes climing,
Say *Philip* he had words inough
to put you downe with ryming.
Frier A pardon, *O parce*, Saint *Fraunces* for mercie,
Shall ſhield thee from nightſpells and dreaming of diuells,
If thou wilt forgiue me, and neuer more grieue me,
With faſting and praying, and *Haile Marie* ſaying.
From black Purgatorie a penance right ſorie.
Frier *Thomas* will warme you,
It ſhall neuer harme you.
Philip Come leaue off your rabble,
Sirs hang vp this lozell.
2. Frier For charitie I beg his life,
Saint *Frauncis* chiefeſt Frier,
The beſt in all our Couent Sir,
to keepe a Winters fier.
O ſtrangle not the good olde man,
my hoſtelle oldeſt gueſt,
And I will bring you by and by
vnto the Priors cheſt.

Philip

not in
S.John

Philip I, ſaiſt thou ſo, & if thou wilt the frier is at libertie,
If not, as I am honeſt man, Ile hang you both for companie.
Frier. Come hether, this is the cheſt though ſimple to behold
That wanteth not a thouſand pound in ſiluer and in gold.
My ſelfe will warrant full ſo much, I know the Abbots ſtore,
Ile pawne my life there is no leſſe to haue what ere is more.
Philip I take thy word, the ouerplus vnto thy ſhare ſhall come,
But if there want of full ſo much, thy neck ſhall pay the ſum.
Breake vp the Cofer, Frier.
Frier Oh I am vndun, faire *Alice* the Nun
Hath tooke vp her reſt in the Abbots cheſt.
Sancte benedicite, pardon my ſimplicitie.
Fie *Alice*, confeſſion will not ſaue this tranſgreſſion.
Philip What haue wee here, a holy Nun? So keepe mee God in health,
A ſmooth facte Nunne (for ought I knowe) is all the Abbots wealth.
Is this the Nonries chaſtitie? Beſhrewe me but I thinke
They goe as oft to Venery, as niggards to their drinke.
Why paltrey Frier and Pandar too, yee ſhameleſſe ſhauen crowne,
Is this the cheſt that held a hoord, at leaſt a thouſand pound?
And is the hoord a holy whore? Wel be the hangman nimble,
Hee'le take the paine to paye you home, and teach you to diſſemble.
Nunne. O ſpare the Frier *Anthony*, a better neuer was
To ſing a Dirige ſolemnly, or read a morning Maſſe.
If money be the meanes of this, I know an ancient Nunne,
That hath a hoord this ſeauen yeares, did neuer ſee the ſunne;
And that is yours, and what is ours, ſo fauour now be ſhown,
You ſhall commaund as commonly, as if it were your owne.
Frier Your honour excepted.
Nunne. I *Thomas*, I meane ſo.
Philip. From all ſaue from Friers.
Nunne Good Sir, doo not thinke ſo:

Sc. xi. (not in K. John

Philip I thinke and ſee ſo: why how camſt thou here?
Frier To hide her from lay men.
Nunne Tis true ſir, for feare.
Philip For feare of the laytie: a pitifull dred
When a Nunne flies for ſuccour to a fat Friers bed.
But now for your ranſome my Cloyſter-bred Conney,
To the cheſt that you ſpeake of where lyes ſo much money.
Nunne Faire Sir, within this preſſe, of plate & money is
The valew of a thouſand markes, and other thing by gis.
Let vs alone, and take it all, tis yours Sir, now you know it.
Philip Come on ſir Frier, pick the locke, this geere dooth cotton hanſome,
That couetouſnes ſo cunningly muſt pay ỳ letchers ranſom.
What is in the hoord?
Frier Frier *Laurence* my Lord, now holy water help vs,
Some witch, or ſome diuell is ſent to delude vs:
Haud credo Laurentius, that thou ſhouldſt be pend thus
In the preſſe of a Nun we are all vndon,
And brought to diſcredence if thou be Frier *Laureuce*,
Frier Amor vincit omnia, ſo *Cato* affirmeth,
And therefore a Frier whoſe fancie ſoone burneth:
Becauſe he is mortall and made of mould,
Pe omits what he ought, and doth more than he ſhould.
Philip How goes this geere: the Friers cheſt filde with a fauſen Nunne,
The Nunne again locks Frier vp, to keep him frō the Sun.
Belike the preſſe is purgatorie, or penance paſſing grieuous:
The Friers cheſt a hel for Nuns. How do theſe dolts deceiue vs?
Is this the labour of their liues to fæde and liue at eaſe,
To reuell ſolaſciuiouſly as often as they pleaſe.
Ile mend the fault or fault my ayme, if I do miſſe amending,
Tis better burn ỳ cloiſters down than leaue thē for offending.
But holy you, to you I ſpeake, to you religious diuell,
Is this the preſſe that holdes the ſumme to quite you for your euill.
Nunne I crie *Peccaui*, *parceme*, good Sir I was beguild.

Frier

not in John)

Frier Absolue Sir for charitie she would be reconcilde.
Phi. And so I shall, sirs binde them fast, this is their absolutiõ,
Go hang them vp for hurting them, hast them to execution.
Fr. Lawrence *O tempus edax rerum*,
Geue children bookes they teare them.
O vanitas vanitatis, in this waning *etatis*,
At threescore welneere to goe to this geere,
To my conscience a clog to dye like a dog.
Exaudi me Domine, suis me parce
Dabo pecuniam, si habeo veniam
To goe and fetch it, I will dispatch it,
Ahundred pound sterling for my liues sparing.
Enter *Peter* a Prophet, with people.
Peter Hoe, who is here, S. *Fraunces* be your spéed,
Come in my flock, and follow me, your fortunes I will reed
Come hether boy, goe get thee home, and clime not ouerhie:
For from aloft thy fortunes stands in hazard thou shalt die.
Boy God be with you *Peter*, I pray you come to our house a Sunday.
Peter My boy show me thy hand, blesse thee my boy,
For in thy palme I sée a many troubles are ybent to dwell,
But thou shalt scape them all and doo full well.
Boy I thanke you *Peter*, theres a cheese for your labor: my sister prayes ye to come home, & tell her how many husbands she shall haue, and shee'l giue you a rib of bacon.
Peter My masters, stay at the towns end for me, Ile come to you all anon: I must dispatch some businesse with a Frier, and then Ile read your fortunes.
Philip How now, a Prophet? Sir prophet whence are ye?
Peter I am of the world and in the world, but liue not as others by the world: what I am I know, and what thou wilt be I know. If thou knowest me now be answered: if not, enquire no more what I am.
Phil. Sir, I know you will be a dissembling knaue, that deludes the people with blinde prophecies: you are him I looke for, you shall away with me: bring away all the rabble,

Sc. xi. (not in K. John)

and you Frier *Laurence* remember your raunsome a hundred pound, and a pardon for your selfe, and the rest come on. Sir Prophet, you shall with me, to receiue a Prophets reward.

Exeunt.

Sc. xii. K. John IV. i.

Enter *Hubert de Burgh* with three men.

Hubert My maisters, I haue shewed you what warrant I haue for this attempt; I perceiue by your heauie countenances, you had rather be otherwise imployed, and for my owne part, I would the King had made choyce of some other executioner: onely this is my comfort, that a King commaunds, whose precepts neglected or omitted, threatneth torture for the default. Therefore in briefe, leaue me, and be readie to attend the aduenture: stay within that entry, and when you heare me crie, God saue the King, issue sodainly forth, lay handes on *Arthur*, set him in this chayre, wherin (once fast bound) leaue him with me to finish the rest.

Attendants We goe, though loath. Exeunt.

Hubert My Lord, will it please your Honour to take the benefice of the faire euening?

Enter *Arthur* to *Hubert de Burgh*.

Arthur Gramercie *Hubert* for thy care of me,
In or to whom restraint is newly knowen,
The ioy of walking is small benefit,
Yet will I take thy offer with small thankes,
I would not lose the pleasure of the eye.
But tell me curteous keeper if you can,
How long the King will haue me tarrie heere.

Hubert I know not Prince, but as I gesse not long.
God send you freedome, and God saue the King,

They issue forth.

Arthur Why how now sirs, what may this outrage meane?

D helpe

O helpe me *Hubert*, gentle keeper helpe:
God ſend this ſodaine mutinous approach
Tend not to reaue a wretched guiltles life.
Hubert So ſirs, depart, and leaue the reſt for me.
Arthur Then *Arthur* yéeld, death frowneth in thy face,
What meaneth this? Good *Hubert* plead the caſe.
Hubert Patience yong Lord, and liſten words of woe,
Harmfull and harſh, hells horror to be heard:
A diſmall tale fit for a furies tongue.
I faint to tell, déepe ſorrow is the ſound.
Arthur. What, muſt I die?
Hubert. No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,
A wrathfull doome, and moſt vnluckie fate:
Deaths diſh were daintie at ſo fell a feaſt,
Be deafe, heare not, its hell to tell the reſt.
Arthur. Alas thou wrongſt my youth with words of feare,
Tis hell, tis horror, not for one to heare:
What is it man if it muſt needes be don,
Act it, and end it, that the paine were gon.
Hubert I will not chaunt ſuch dolour with my tongue,
Yet muſt I act the outrage with my hand.
My heart my head, and all my powers beſide,
To aide the office haue at once denide.
Peruſe this letter, lines of treble woe,
Read ore my charge, and pardon when you know.

Hubert theſe are to commaund thee, as thou tendreſt our quiet in minde and the eſtate of our perſon, that preſently vpon the receipt of our commaund, thou put out the eyes of *Arthur Plantaginet*.

Arthur Ah monſtrous damned man, his very breath infects the elements,
Contagious venyme dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting meanes to poyſon all the world.
Unreuerent may I be to blame the heauens

Of great iniuſtice, that the miſcreant
Liues to oppreſſe the innocents with wrong.
Ah *Hubert*, makes he thee his inſtrument
To ſound the tromp that cauſeth hell triumph?
Heauen weepes, the Saints doo ſhed celeſtiall teares,
They feare thy fall, and eyte thee with remorſe,
They knock thy conſcience, moouing pitie there,
Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell:
Hell *Hubert*, truſt me all the plagues of hell
Hangs on performance of this damned deede.
This ſeale, the warrant of the bodies bliſſe,
Enſureth Satan chieftaine of thy ſoule:
Subſcribe not *Hubert*, giue not Gods part away.
I ſpeake not onely for eyes priuiledge,
The chiefe exterior that I would enioy:
But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,
Thy ſweete ſoules loſſe, more than my eyes vaine lack;
A cauſe internall, and eternall too.
Aduiſe thee *Hubert*, for the caſe is hard,
To looſe ſaluation for a Kings reward.
Hubert My Lord, a ſubiect dwelling in the land
Is tyed to execute the Kings commaund.
Arthur. Yet God commands, whoſe power reacheth further,
That no commaund ſhould ſtand in force to murther.
Hubert But that ſame Eſſence hath ordaind a law,
A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.
Arthur I plead not guiltie, treaſonles and free.
Hubert But that appeale my Lord concernes not me.
Arthur Why, thou art he that maiſt omit the perill.
Hubert I, if my Soueraigne would remit his quarrell.
Arthur His quarrell is vnhallowed falſe and wrong.
Hubert Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.
Arthur Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
Conclude their iudgement with ſo vile a deede.
Hubert Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If Iuoges domes muſt be reputed doubtfull.

Arthur

Arthur Yes where in forme of Lawe in place and time,
The offender is conuicted of the crime.
Hubert. My Lord, my Lord, this long expostulation,
Heapes vp more griefe, than promise of redresse;
For this I know, and so resolue I end,
That subiects liues on Kings commaunds depend.
I must not reason why he is your foe,
But doo his charge since he commaunds it so.
Arthur Then doo thy charge, and charged be thy soule
With wrongfull persecution done this day.
You rowling eyes, whose superficies yet
I doo behold with eyes that Nature lent:
Send sooth the terror of your Mooners frowne,
To wreake my wrong vpon the murtherers
That rob me of your faire reflecting view:
Let hell to them (as earth they wish to mée)
Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guylt,
And let the black tormenters of deepe *Tartary*
Vpbraide them with this damned enterprise,
Inflicting change of tortures on their soules.
Delay not *Hubert*, my orisons are ended,
Begin I pray thee, reaue me of my sight:
But to performe a tragedie indéede,
Conclude the period with a mortall stab.
Constance farewell, tormentor come away,
Make my dispatch thy Tirants feasting day.
Hubert I faint, I feare, my conscience bids desist:
Faint did I say, feare was it that I named:
My King commaunds, that warrant sets me free:
But God forbids, and he commaundeth Kings,
That great Commaunder counterchecks my charge,
He stayes my hand, he maketh soft my heart,
Goe cursed tooles, your office is exempt,
Cheere thée yong Lord, thou shalt not loose an eye,
Though I should purchase it with losse of life,
Ile to the King, and say his will is done,

And

Sc. xii. K. John IV. i.

And ot the langor tell him thou art dead,
Goe in with me, for *Hubert* was not borne
To blinde those lampes that Nature pollight so,
Arthur *Hubert*, if euer *Arthur* be in state,
Looke for amends of this receiued gift
I toke my eyesight by thy curtesie,
Thou lentst them me, I will not be ingrate.
But now procrastination may offend
The issue that thy kindnes vndertakes:
Depart we *Hubert* to preuent the worst. Exeunt.

Sc. xiii. IV. ii.

Enter King Iohn, Essex, Salisbury, Penbrooke.

Iohn. Now warlike followers resteth ought vndon
That may impeach vs of fond ouersight?
The French haue felt the temper of our swords,
Cold terror keepes possession in their soules,
Checking their ouerdaring arrogance
For buckling with so great an ouermatch.
The Arche proud titled Priest of *Italy*,
That calles himselfe grand Viccar vnder God
Is busied now with trentall obsequies,
Masse and mouths minde, dirge and I know not what
To ease their soules in painefull purgatory,
That haue miscarried in these bloudy warres.
Heard you not Lords when first his holines
Had tidings of our small account of him,
How with a taunt vaunting vpon his toes
He vdge a reason why the English Asse
Disdaiugd the blessed ordinance of *Rome*?
The title (reuerently might I inferre)
Became the Kings that earst haue borne the load,
The slauish weight of that controlling Priest:
Who at his pleasure tempered them like waxe
To carrie armes on danger of his curse,
Vanding their soules with warrants of his hand.
I grieue to thinke how Kings in ages past

(Simplie

(Simply deuoted to the Sea of *Rome*)
Haue run into a thousand acts of shame.
But now for confirmation of our State,
Sith we haue proynd the more than needfull braunch
That did oppresse the true wel-growing stock,
Jt resteth we throughout our Territories
Be reproclaimed and inuested King.
Pembrook. My Liege, that were to bulie men with doubts,
Once were you crownd, proclaimd, and with applause
Your Citie stréetes haue ecchoed to the eare,
God saue the King, God saue our Soueraigne *Iohn*.
Pardon my feare, my censure doth infer
Your Highnes not deposde from Regall State,
Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,
What it should meane to haue you crownd againe.
Iohn Pembrooke performe what I haue bid thee doo,
Thou knowst not what inducth me to this.
Essex goe in, and Lordings all be gon
About this taske, I will be crownd anon.

Enter the Bastard.

Philip, what newes, how do the Abbots chests?
Are Friers fatter than the Nunnes are faire?
What chere with Churchmen, had they golde or no?
Tell me how hath thy office tooke effect?
Philip My Lord, I haue performd your Highnes charge:
The ease bred Abbots and the bare foote Friers,
The Monkes the Priors and holy cloystred Nunnes,
Are all in health, and were my Lord in wealth.
Till I had tythde and tolde their holy hoords.
I doubt not when your Highnes sées my prize,
You may proportion all their former pride.
Iohn Why so, now sorts it *Philip* as it should:
This small intrusion into Abbey trunkes,
Will make the Popelings excommunicate,

Curſe, ban, and breath out damned oriſons,
As thick as haileſtones fore the ſpringes approach:
But yet as harmles and without effect,
As is the ecchо of a Cannons crack
Diſcharged againſt the battlements of heauen.
But what newes els befell there *Philip?*
Baſtard Strange newes my Lord: within pour territories
Nere *Pomfret* is a Prophet new ſprong vp,
Whoſe diuination volleys wonders foorth;
To him the Commons throng with Countrey gifts,
He ſets a date vnto the Beldames death,
Preſcribes how long the Virgins ſtate ſhall laſt,
Diſtinguiſheth the mouing of the heauens,
Giues limits vnto holy nuptiall rytes,
Foretelleth famine, aboundeth plentie forth,
Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats,
With ſuch aſſurance, ſcruples put apart,
As if he knew the certaine domes of heauen,
Or kept a Regiſter of all the Deſtinies.
Iohn Thou telſt me meruailes, would thou hadſt brought,
We might haue queſtiond him of things to come. (the man,
Baſtard My Lord, I tooke a care of had I wiſt,
And brought the Prophet with me to the Court,
He ſtayes my Lord but at the Preſence doore:
Pleaſeth your Highnes, I will call him in.
Iohn Nay ſtay awhile, wee'l haue him here anon,
A thing of weight is firſt to be performd.

Enter the Nobles and crowne King *Iohn*, and then crie God ſaue the King.

Iohn Lordings and friends ſupporters of our ſtate,
Admire not at this vnaccuſtomd courſe,
Nor in your thoughts blame not this deede of yours.
Once ere this time was I inueſted King,
Your fealtie ſworne as Liegmen to our ſtate:

Once

Once ſince that time ambicious weedes haue ſprung
To ſtaine the beautie of our garden plot:
But heauens in our conduct rooting thence
The falſe intruders, breakers of worlds peace,
Haue to our ioy, made Sunſhine chaſe the ſtorme.
After the which, to try your conſtancie,
That now I ſee is worthie of your names,
We craude once more your helps for to inueſt vs
Into the right that enuie ſought to wark,
Once was I not depoſde, your former choyce,
Now twice been crowned and applauded King:
Your cheered action to inſtall me ſo,
Infers aſſured witnes of your loues
And binds me ouer in a Kingly care
To render loue with loue, rewards of worth
To ballance downe requitall to the full.
But thankes the while, thankes Lordings to you all:
Aſke me and vſe me, try me and finde me yours.
Eſſex A boon my Lord, at vauntage of your words
We aſke to guerdon all our loyalties.
Pembrooke We take the time your Highnes bids vs aſke:
Pleaſe it you graunt, you make your promiſe good,
With leſſer loſſe than one ſuperfluous haire
That not remembred falleth from your head.
Iohn My word is paſt, receiue your boone my Lords.
What may it be? Aſke it, and it is yours.
Eſſex We craue my Lord, to pleaſe the Commons with
The libertie of Ladie *Conſtance* Sonne:
Whoſe durance darkeneth your Highnes right,
As if you kept him priſoner, to the end
Your ſelfe were doubtfull of the thing you haue.
Diſmiſſe him thence, your Highnes needes not feare,
Twice by conſent you are proclaimd our King.
Pembrooke This if you graunt, were all vnto your good:
For ſimple people muſe you keepe him cloſe.
Iohn Your words haue ſearcht the center of my thoughts,

Confirming warrant of your loyalties,
Dismisse your counsell, sway my state,
Let *John* doo nothing but by your consents.
Why how now *Philip*, what extasie is this:
Why casts thou vp thy eyes to heauen so?

There the fiue Moones appeare.

Bastard See, see my Lord strange apparitions.
Glauncing mine eye to see the Diadem
Placte by the Bishops on your Highnes head,
From foorth a gloomie cloude, which curtaine like
Displaide it selfe, I sodainly espied
Fiue Moones reflecting, as you see them now:
Euen in the moment that the Crowne was placte
Gan they appeare, holding the course you see.
Iohn What might portend these apparitions,
Unusuall signes, forerunners of euent,
Presagers of strange terror to the world:
Beleeue me Lords the obiect feares me much.
Philip thou tolost me of me of Wizzard late,
Fetch in the man to descant of this show.
Pembrooke The heauens frowne vpon the sinfull earth,
When with prodigious vnaccustomd signes
They spot their superficies with such wonder.
Essex Before the ruines of *Ierusalem*,
Such Meteors were the Enlignes of his wrath
That hastned to destroy the faultfull Towne.

Enter the Bastard with the Prophet.

Iohn Is this the man?
Bastard It is my Lord.
Iohn Prophet of *Pomfret*, for so I heare thou art,
That calculatst of many things to come:
Who by a power repleate with heauenly gift

Canst

O

Canſt blab the counſell of thy Makers will.
If fame be true, or truth be wrongd by thee,
Decide in cyphering what theſe fiue Moones
Portend this Clyme, if they preſage at all.
Breath out thy gift, and if I liue to ſee,
Thy diuination take a true effect,
Ile honour thee aboue all earthly men.
Peter The Skie wherein theſe Moones haue reſidence,
Preſenteth *Rome* the great *Metropolis*,
Where ſits the Pope in all his holy pompe.
Fowre of the Moones preſent fowre Prouinces,
To wit, *Spaine*, *Denmarke*, *Germanie*, and *Fraunce*,
That beare the yoke of proud commaunding *Rome*,
And ſtand in feare to tempt the Prelates curſe.
The ſmalleſt Moone that whirles about the reſt,
Impatient of the place he holds with them,
Doth figure forth this Iland *Albion*,
Who gins to ſcorne the Sea and State of *Rome*,
And ſeekes to ſhun the Edicts of the Pope:
This ſhowes the heauen, and this I doo auerre
Is figured in theſe apparitions.
Iohn Why then it ſeemes the heauens ſmile on vs,
Giuing applauſe for leauing of the Pope.
But for they chaunce in our Meridian,
Doo they effect no priuate growing ill
To be inflicted on vs in this Clyme?
Peter The Moones effect no more than what I ſaid:
But on ſome other knowledge that I haue
By my preſcience, ere Aſcenſion day
Haue brought the Sunne vnto his vſuall height,
Of Crowne, Eſtate, and Royall dignitie,
Thou ſhalt be cleane diſpoyld and diſpoſſeſt.
Iohn Falſe Dreamer, periſh with thy witched newes,
Villaine thou woundſt me with thy fallacies:
If it be true, dye for thy tidings price;
If falſe, for fearing me with vaine ſuppoſe:

Hence with the Witch, hells damned secretarie.
Lock him vp sure: for by my faith I sweare,
True or not true, the Wizzard shall not liue.
Before Ascension day: who should be cause hereof?
Cut off the cause and then the effect will dye.
Tut, tut, my mercie serues to maime my selfe,
The rote doth liue, from whence these thornes spring vp,
I and my promise past for his deliury:
Frowne friends, faile faith, the diuell goe withall,
The brat shall dye, that terrifies me thus.
Pembrooke and *Essex* I recall my graunt,
I will not buy your fauours with my feare:
May murmur not, my will is law enough,
I loue you well, but if I loude you better,
I would not buy it with my discontent.

Enter *Hubert*.

How now, what newes with thee.

Hubert According to your Highnes strickt commaund
Yong *Arthurs* eyes are blinded and extinct.

Iohn Why so, then he may feele the crowne, but neuer see it.

Hubert Nor see nor feele, for of the extreame paine,
Within one hower gaue he vp the Ghost.

Iohn What is he dead?

Hubert He is my Lord.

Iohn Then with him dye my cares.

Essex Now ioy betide thy soule.

Pembrooke And heauens reuenge thy death.

Essex What haue you done my Lord? Was euer heard
A deede of more inhumane consequence?
Your foes will curse, your friends will crie reuenge.
Unkindly rage more rough than Northern winde,
To chip the beautie of so sweete a flower.
What hope in vs for mercie on a fault,
When kinsman dyes without impeach of cause,
As you haue done, so come to cheere you with,
The guilt shall neuer be cast me in my teeth. Exeunt.

Iohn

Iohn And are you gone? The diuell be your guide:
Proud Rebels as you are to braue me so:
Saucie, vnciuill, checkers of my will.
Your tongues giue edge vnto the fatall knife:
That shall haue passage through your traitrous throats.
But hush't, breath not buggs words to soone abroad,
Least time preuent the issue of thy reach
Arthur is dead, If there the cozzie growes:
But while he liue, the danger was the more;
His death hath freed me from a thousand feares,
But it hath purchast me ten times ten thousand foes.
Why all is one, such luck shall haunt his game,
To whome the diuell owes an open shame:
His life a foe that leueld at my crowne,
His death a frame to pull my building downe.
My thoughts harpt still on quiet by his end,
Who liuing aymed showdly at my roome:
But to preuent that plea twice was I crownd,
Twice did my subiects sweare me fealtie,
And in my conscience loude me as their liege,
In whose defence they would haue pawnd their liues.
But now they shun me as a Serpents sting,
A tragick Tyrant sterne and pitiles,
And not a title follow s after *Iohn*.
But Butcher, bloudsucker and murtherer,
What Planet gouernde my natiuitie,
To bode me soueraigne types of high estate,
So interlacte with hellish discontent,
Wherein fell furie hath no interest.
Curst be the Crowne chiefe author of my care,
May curst my will that made the Crowne my care:
Curst be my birthday, curst ten times the wombe
That peelded me aliue into the world.
Art thou there villaine, Furies haunt thee still,
For killing him whom all the world laments.

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Hubert

Hubert Why heres my Lord your Highnes hand & seale,
Charging on liues regard to doo the deede.
John Ah dull conceipted peazant knowst thou not,
It was a damned execrable deede:
Showst me a seale? Oh villaine, both our soules
Haue solde their freedome to the thrall of hell,
Under the warrant of that cursed seale.
Hence villaine, hang thy selfe, and say in hell
That I am comming for a kingdome there.
Hubert My Lord attend the happie tale I tell,
For heauens health send Sathan packing hence
That instigates your Highnes to despaire.
If *Arthurs* death be dismall to be heard,
Bandie the newes for rumors of vntruth:
He liues my Lord the sweetest youth aliue,
In health, with eysight, not a haire amisse.
This hart tooke vigor from this forward hand,
Making it weake to execute your charge.
Iohn What liues he? Then sweete hope come home agen,
Chase hence despaire, the purueyer for hell.
Hye *Hubert*, tell these tidings to my Lords
That throb in passions for yong *Arthurs* death
Hence *Hubert*, stay not till thou hast reueald
The wished newes of *Arthurs* happy health.
I goe my selfe, the ioyfulst manaliue
To storie out this new supposed crime. Exeunt.

The ende of the first part.

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